THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1859.

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GOING UP AND DOWN THE HILL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CARRIE MYER.

A little work—a little play—
A loitering oft along the way—
This is the sum and substance still
Of going up and down the hill.

And yet 'tis more than fleeting dream,
Or idle poet's silly theme—
Or blending of the sea and rill—
This going up and down the hill!

That group with garlands on their heads—
Oh, what a glory round them spreads!
Their cheeks are bright, their pulses thrill,
For they are going up the hill.

And shall the stormy cloud that lowers,
Make them forget the stars and flowers?
Is change, and blight, and darkness, still
The end of going up the hill?

But some now lying in the shade,
With myrtle on their pale brows laid,
E'en while they heard the song-bird's trill,
Grew tired of going up the hill.

Alas for lips so strange and cold!
Alas for hearts so early old!
That eyes are stern, and voices shrill!
'Tis dreary going down the hill.

But here the sunbeams' softened sheen
Falls o'er a band with looks serene,
And hope and faith their spirits fill,
Though they are going down the hill.

And here is one who walks aside
From all the crimson glare of pride;
Her pathway leads through shadows chill,
For she is going down the hill.

The rosy days have long passed by,
Yet joy is hers that cannot die;
Love is her speech—love is her will,
Though she is going down the hill.

Oh, may the angels ever smile,
And soft sweet sounds our souls beguile
Into the valley dark and still—
The end of going down the hill.

ALONE.

So Reginald is still a bachelor—
Not young, yet youthful—studious of his ease—
His only thought how best himself to please.
Of richest wines he has an endless store:
These are his pride, and oft as lovingly
As they were children he will tell their age.
His city house, his mansion by the sea,
Alternately his jovial hours engage.
So great his wealth it hourly groweth more.

A little luck, a little keen address,
A little kindly help in time of need,
A little industry and touch of greed,
Have made his life a singular success;
And he asks homage for his splendid gains,
Paying the flattery in meats and drinks!
Applauding friends he daily entertains,
To ease him of himself. Sometimes he thinks
If he were poor his friends might love him less.

Gray-headed Reginald! he has royal parts,
And in all circles fills an honored seat.
Yet vain for him are maidens' accents sweet:
At wedded slavery and henpecked hearts
He jeers and laughs; though, when the nights are cold,
The tables empty, and he feels alone,
A memory breaks of purer joys of old;
And, selfish to the last, he thinks of one
Who might have soothed him with her gentle arts!

—*James Hedderwick.*

Original Romance.

THE CAVALIER.

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.,
AUTHOR OF "RICHELIEU," "DARNLEY," "MARY OF BURGUNDY," "THE OLD DOMINION," &c., &c., &c.

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CHAPTER VIII.

Bernard March walked on till he found his horse and servants waiting for him at the spot appointed; and then mounting, he proceeded on his way, taking no notice of the adventure in which he had been engaged. The men who had not been without their suspicions, soon satisfied themselves that their young master was not hurt, and that was enough for them. They were accustomed to curb their curiosity in regard to his affairs, and to obey without asking any questions.

The whole party rode on more quickly than it had done at an earlier hour; but yet the horses were never put beyond a quiet trot; and shortly after noon they came to a small inn where they waited for refreshments. The sky, which had been dull and misty in the morning, with that sort of equivocal haze which may either turn to heavy rain or give way to bright sunshine, had chosen the latter alternative, and a cool, fresh wind had rolled up the vapors of the dawn into large, white clouds which sailed slowly and grandly through space, looking like the genii thrones which we read of in Eastern tales. It was a beautiful day in short, such as any man might enjoy who had not sorrow or sickness upon his shoulders; but Bernard March remarked that both in the host and hostess, though civil and attentive, there was an air of uneasiness and abstraction which is rarely seen in a French landlord. The good stout house-girls bustled about as usual; but there was something evidently upon mine host's mind; and at length Bernard inquired frankly if he had met with any misfortune.

"Oh no, no, sir," replied the man, with a shy look, "nothing more than ordinary. I had a cow die the other day."

"Lord! Matthew," exlaimed the hostess, who was in ear shot, "how can you talk so? The truth is, sir, the plague is coming a great deal too near us. It is very bad in the next village out beyond there. You had better go through it quick when you leave us, for the air of the place is poisoned."

"What is that large house or castle that I saw rising up in the distance," asked Bernard, without seeming at all alarmed at the report of the pestilence. "Is the village you speak of at the foot of the hill?"

"Oh bless you, no sir," answered the landlady, "that chateau is farther off than you think. The village of Montmarie, which I was talking of, is not ten miles off, and that chateau is nearly twenty. That is the fine old chateau of Mirepoix, sir; built, they do say, in the time of King Henry II. It is a beautiful old place, made of stone, with all the lintels and ports of the doors carved into queer fancies, such as strings of fruits and flowers, and the like. I was born just under that castle. But I know

called on by Providence to accomp... leaders of the world, pays but the slightest pos sible heed to these facts, of which in fact it i almost unaware, while all the other countrie of Europe scarcely heed them either; and yet so universal and profound is the feeling of th fact that France is the mistress of the world the pioneer of all progress, and the arbitress all human destiny, that every one of thes countries, from one end of Europe to th other, is absorbed in the contemplation France, is anxiously pondering the thoughts deeds, and probable intentions of France, an is calculating, by the expression of the intel lect and will of France, the elements of its ow position and that of its neighbors! After th broad statement—true enough just now, b from which, if France had a little less conceit and a little more power of comprehending th views and action of the rest of the world, sh would draw an inference somewhat at varianc with that which is suggested by her egregiou vanity—the writer goes on to console his coun trymen for the "annoyances of exaggeratio and misconception" inseparable from this uni versal gaze, assuring them that such are th necessary drawbacks of "glory" to nations a to individuals; and winds up his discourse b playfully and condescendingly rapping the re of Europe over the knuckles, and entreatin them to keep more calm with regard to Franc to avoid the extremes of confidence or of fe in their suppositions with regard to her, a to place implicit confidence on the imposs bility of mistaken or ungenerous action on t part of the acknowledged "guide, arbitress, a benefactress of the world." What is to thought of a blindness and deafness carried such lengths as this, as manifested by the pre

the dusty necks of ... shared, with a few black clouds before them stretching down to the very horizon, promised a gush of water such as has seldom been seen since Noah completed the ark.

The road led apparently straight on, without turn or deviation on either side; and there could be no doubt that they were on the right way; but the only object which indicated a village was a solitary farm-house, which was found closely shut up, and no entrance to be obtained at either door or window. Some four or five hundred yards further was a *carrefour* where four roads divided, with a finger post, the indicatory arms of which had lately been repaired, so that it was easy to read on one of them the words, "To Montmarie four leagues, to Belaye eight leagues, to Mirepoix quarter of a league." There was no choice but Mirepoix. Montmarie was by no means a pleasant residence. Belaye was too far, considering the aspect of the sky and the drops already fallen; and Mirepoix, whatever accommodation it might afford, was too near to admit of hesitation. Bernard March turned his horse upon that path at once, touched him gently with the heel and raised the bridle rein; and the good beast darted forward up the hill round which the road wound, as if he comprehended at once the necessity of speed, and divined his master's intentions. It was now nearly six o'clock, the sun and the horizon had met, and the clouds threw an unnatural darkness over the scene; but Bernard March's eyes were good, and although he looked around on every side, he could perceive no cottage or farm-house, or place of accommodation. The road wound straight up to a pair of fanciful old iron gates, flanked with pillars, covered over with beautiful arabesques, evidently sculptured in the fourteenth or fifteenth century! beyond was a little open space, as if left for horses to turn; but beyond that again, there appeared not even a path. The walls and the grounds had a very ruinous aspect; and trees, which had once been evidently well kept and trimmed into formal shapes, were now ragged and straggling, while under the old walls which flanked the enclosure many a stone had fallen, and many a wild shrub sent forth its branches, marking the eternal triumph of nature over art.

Bernard March paused before the old gates, and looked up towards a house which, higher still upon the hill, loomed up in the semi-darkness in the immense proportion of one of the buildings of a former day.

"We must ride up at all events," he said. "There is a light in one of the windows, and they will never refuse one shelter on such a night as this. I had heard the place was quite deserted; but there must be somebody here. Open the gate if you can, Ralph; the rain will soon come down very heavily, and having but one doublet, God wot, I would feign keep it as dry as possible."

The man rode forward and obeyed, the gate was opened without difficulty; and the whole party rode in, and up towards the house, certain of finding some sort of shelter for themselves and their horses in one of the manifold porticoes or collonades, which they could see from the spot where they were. There was assuredly a light in one of the windows, and as they rode on another appeared in a different part of the building.

"We shall find some one at all events," said Bernard March, "some farmer probably put in to help the place to go to decay, to use these beautiful arabesques to build a new chimney, or carry away sculptured mullions and crockets for barn supports and grinding stones."

About three hundred yards more brought them up to the esplanade or terrace, with its vases and statues, and Bernard March pushing on, sprang to the ground, cast his rein on his horse's neck, and advanced to the great door, which was still in a very good state of preservation, with the large notched ring and iron rasper still hanging by their original chains. He did not trouble them, however, but knocked hard with the hilt of his sword, when immediately a voice from within exclaimed, "Come in."

Bernard March entered, and found a large and magnificent room but feebly lighted by a couple of wax candles, stuck in one of the fixed candelabras at the side of the mantelpiece; but that which surprised him the most was to see before him, leaning on a marble table in the centre of the hall, no other than Sir Edward Langdale himself.

The knight's face lighted up when he saw his young guest; and he advanced and shook hands with him warmly.

"Ah, Master Bernard, Master Bernard," he said, "I fear you have been playing me a trick. Where have you been this last week?"

"I have been to Montargis, sir," replied Bernard March. "I had the good fortune to be present as a spectator at the combat at Bleneau, and saw all Marshal d' Hocquincourt's quarters carried one after another by the Prince de Condé in the most masterly manner."

"And is that all?" asked Sir Edward.

"Not altogether, sir," replied Bernard March, "I have a letter to deliver to you. It is addressed to Mademoiselle de Langdale; but it had better be given to her by her father."

As he spoke he drew forth the letter of apology written by Monsieur de Villeneuve, and handed it to Sir Edward, who read it twice over, and then put it into his pocket, saying,

"I will deliver it; but I am sorry, Bernard, you took this affair upon yourself. It would better have become me."

"Your pardon, sir," replied Bernard March, "I had little to do with this affair; his Highness, the Prince de Condé handed me the letter."

"Now in honesty and truth, Bernard March," said Sir Edward, "did you or did you not peril your life to obtain this apology?"

"No, sir, I did not," replied Bernard March, "I told the fact to the Prince de Condé, and he insisted upon the letter being written; but—" he paused and hesitated; and his cheek turned somewhat red; but then he added frankly, "I must not deceive you, Sir Edward, Monsieur de Villeneuve and myself had a little affair to settle together on account of some words he addressed to me. I promised to give him a lesson, which I have given him since that apology was written, and entirely independent of it."

"Have you killed him?" asked Sir Edward, in a very grave tone.

"Oh, no," replied Bernard March, smiling, "I would not have killed him for the world. He seems to me a very good sort of a young man, though impetuous. I would have let him off with one wound if he would have been content; but he would have a second.—Neither was more than a scratch, however; and he will be quite well in a few days. Probably I might not have hurt him at all if I had not been anxious to get back to Belaye, and I had no time to throw away upon long fencing matches."

"Doubtless you are surprised to find me here," said Sir Edward; "who directed you?"

"I had not the slightest idea you were here until I opened that door," replied Bernard March; "I came here with two men who accompanied me, (and who are now, I fear, getting very wet without,) solely to take shelter from this storm. Hark how it is pouring! Can they put up the horses anywhere, Sir Edward?"

"Assuredly," replied the knight, "there are good stables at the back of the house, though somewhat dilapidated. Stay, I will come with you and give them directions."

The men soon received orders to go round to the large *ecuries*, which were usually attached to every gentleman's house in France of that time, and then to seek out the kitchen, dry themselves, and obtain some refreshment.

"They will find plenty of hay in the stables," said Sir Edward, "but as to oats I am afraid there are none; for we had no time to bring them with us, and as I have not been here half an hour, we have not been able to get them from the farm."

"Then you came here in haste, Sir Edward," said Bernard, as they re-entered the hall.

Sir Edward shook his head very gravely.

"We came here in great haste indeed," he said, in a sad tone. "The fact is, Bernard, the plague has made its appearance at Belaye, and it is a lucky thing that you stopped your course here. Two of our servants died this morning. They had been ill for some days, and the stupid old doctor would not own the truth till the men were dead. I had never seen the ugly monster before, and could not judge of the symptoms."

"I have seen it many a time," replied Bernard March, "and have nursed more than one man through it. I suppose then you have brought over Lady Langdale and your family?"

"They are all up stairs," replied Sir Edward, "seeking somewhere to pass the night; for the house is, as you may see by this hall, well nigh if not altogether unfurnished, and the little we have was brought over on pack horses. The fact is this estate I hold in right of my wife. Belaye was left us by a dear friend, now dead. To keep up this chateau is too much for our means, as it had been for those of my predecessor; he let it go greatly to decay before his death. During Lucette's minority it suffered still more. Since then I have proposed often to have it repaired, but the troubles of these sad times, and the necessity of contributing everything I could possibly spare to the support of the King's cause, have prevented me from fulfilling my intentions."

He paused and fell into thought. A look of deep gloom came over his countenance. That look was explained a moment after.

"Good God, Bernard," he said, "I trust none of the children can have caught this dreadful disease."

"I trust not, Sir Edward," replied Bernard March; "but I have been told it more frequently attacks grown people, and those of the most robust constitutions. They are all well at present, are they not?"

"Quite well, quite well," replied Sir Edward, "but hush, here comes Lady Langdale."

The next moment Lucette entered the room with that calm and cheerful air which she had never lost amidst all the vicissitudes which had attended her early life. Her surprise at seeing Bernard March was very great; but she was glad to see him, for he had won greatly her regard during the last month, and she thought that his society would be a comfort and support to her husband, whom she had never seen give way to apprehension before. Lucy and the three boys were speedily added to the party; and all the little arrangements they had made for rendering themselves comfortable during the night were told in gay and jesting tones. Lady Langdale it is true puzzled herself a little as to where they could put Master Bernard; but when he discovered what the difficulty was, he laughed, pointing to the floor and saying,

"On that floor, dear lady. I have lain as hard many a night."

"No, no," said one of the boys, who was clinging to Bernard, "let him have my bed. I can sleep in a chair."

All the young people were evidently delighted to have him back among them; and Lucy, with her dark eyes full of light, and a slight blush flushing on her cheek, thanked him more fully than she had previously done for delivering her from the people who had carried her away.

"You will have to thank him still further, Lucy," said her father, "for he has somehow contrived to extract this written apology from the Marquis de Villeneuve;" and he handed her the paper. Lucy read it; and, while her mother took it from her hand to do the same, and the boys crowded around to see, the poor girl, with a pale cheek, and a somewhat hesitating manner, looked anxiously at the young gentleman, saying, "I hope, Master Bernard, it was not by—any—violence you forced him to write that?"

"Oh, dear, no," replied Bernard; "I merely mentioned the facts to the Prince de Condé, and he insisted upon the apology being made. Villeneuve is an officer of his, and was obliged to comply."

"I am very happy," replied Lucy, "but I would not for the world have you risk anything for me. It is sad enough that men must peril their lives so often for their King and country, without having to do so for every little quarrel."

Sir Edward Langdale smiled and looked meaningly at Bernard March, saying,

"I am afraid, Lucy, you would not do for a soldier's wife."

"Oh, yes, she would, Edward," said Lady Langdale, "where honor or necessity called for it, Lucy would not attempt to keep any one she loved from obeying the summons. She is your own daughter, Edward, and can be as firm as you are when need requires it."

The mother's confidence in her child's character had soon to be sadly verified. That evening passed calmly, perhaps even cheerfully. The next day rose bright and smiling, and the whole family, if they could not forget the proximity of the plague, thought less of it than they had done the day before. Various arrangements were made with the neighboring farmers to render their new residence comfortable for the time, and occupation for a while at least diverted thought. That day passed also in tranquillity; but the next was to show a different scene.

CHAPTER IX.

It is wonderful what skill, activity and taste will do to produce comfort out of discomfort, neatness out of disorder. By the day after Bernard March's arrival at Mirepoix, the greatest change had taken place in the old chateau; and Bernard himself had become, no one knew how, the heart and soul of all the arrangements. He was full of cheerful life and spirit, setting this thing and that thing and the other thing in order, now arranging some scattered furniture in the saloon, now, with Sir Edward's permission, taking care that ample provision was made for the horses, now insuring that full preparation had been effected for feeding the family, without sending to any great distance to obtain supplies. He was a different creature altogether from the young man who, two months before, had appeared at Belaye, and, without knowing why, the demeanor of the whole family was changed towards him; the word "Master" was dropped altogether; and even Lucy herself, though she was a little timid at first, called him nothing but Bernard. One of the boys was always with him to assist in his arrangements; and, indeed, it was evident to Sir Edward Langdale that his young guest was striving to give employment both of mind and body to the family, in order to withdraw their thoughts from the terrible scourge which surrounded them.

The third morning rose at length, and the whole party assembled cheerfully to breakfast. Danger and care seemed forgotten, and only one incident chequered the early part of the morning. A courier left at the door, without coming in, a packet which he said he had brought over from Belaye, not having found the Chevalier Langdale there. It was found to contain the whole amount which had been taken from the party at the *table de Pierre*, and also Sir Edward's diamond ring.

Of course it was not without satisfaction that he recovered it, but Sir Edward had remarked the eyes of Bernard March fixed two or three times, with a fixed, anxious sort of look, upon the face of his second boy. He gazed at the boy himself—but he could discover nothing, except, perhaps, that he was a little paler than usual. He was as gay, or perhaps gayer, than common with him, and joined in the sports of his brothers with all alacrity. Towards noon, however, he came in complaining of headache; and the moment the eyes of Bernard March fell upon him, his countenance became very grave. There were two bluish spots upon the boy's face; one upon the forehead, and one under the right eye, and Bernard knew the miserable sign too well. He lost not his presence of mind a moment, however.

"Sir Edward," he said, starting up with a gay look, "there is only one cure for a boy's headache; bed, Sir Knight, bed; my room is the nearest; and I took care yesterday the bed should be comfortable, so Master Richard shall have that for the time;" and catching the boy up in his arms, he carried him away at once.

Sir Edward Langdale followed; but he dared not question his young companion; merely aiding to undress his son and put him to bed. Bernard March was all cheerfulness, as long as he was in that room; but the moment he had quitted it with his host, he said, gravely,

"I think, Sir Edward, it would be better for you to send to Paris for a physician. I would go for one myself; but circumstances prevent me from entering Paris."

"Has the boy got the plague, Bernard?" said Sir Edward, grasping him tight by the arm; "you have seen it—has he got the plague?"

"I fear he has," answered Bernard March; "he has two spots on his face, which I never saw but in that disease."

"I saw them, I saw them!" replied Sir Edward; "my poor boy!"

"Though it is certainly a very terrible and often fatal illness," said Bernard March, in a very gentle tone, "yet many recover from it; and I have remarked that careful nursing and unremitting attention do more to bring about a happy issue than any medicines which I have ever seen given. I will undertake to be poor Richard's nurse; and we will hope for the best."

Sir Edward wrung his hand hard.

"Thou art, indeed, a noble friend!" he said, "but I will share the task with you, Bernard."

"At all events," replied the young gentleman, "Lady Langdale and the rest of the family had better go, or keep themselves entirely in the other wing of the house."

"She will not do it," said Sir Edward; "this must be told, of course; for I have no idea of concealment in families; and Lucette will never leave her plague-stricken boy."

Bernard looked down, but only murmured in reply,

"She is right;" but he then added, suddenly, "at all events, Sir Edward, you had better send to Paris for a physician, and if you can get a bottle of the plague water of Madame Lavange, which I have heard is a powerful preventive, we may stop this from spreading further."

"I will go myself," replied Sir Edward, "and bring some one with me before to-morrow morning. It is but seventeen leagues and can be done easily. But let us go in and tell this sad news."

At none of the events just detailed, had Lucette or Lucy been present; but while the eldest and the third boy were hanging round their father in the hall, and inquiring eagerly what was the matter with Richard, Lady Langdale and her daughter came down from above, and the sad news was told them. A few tears naturally gushed from Lucette's eyes; and she said,

"God help us!" Then turning to her husband, she asked,

"Where can we send Lucy and the other boys?" adding, "Lucy, my dear child, you must go directly."

"Mother, you always taught me that I was to do my duty," replied Lucy, firmly; "my duty is with Richard; and I will not leave him."

"But there are plenty here to give every attendance, my child," said Sir Edward. "Our young friend here, who has seen the disease, nobly offers to take a part of our cares; and though I must ride to Paris to bring a physician, I will be back ere morning and relieve his watch."

"Father, I must have my share," said Lucy, "you must not deprive me of that privilege.—If my brother were to die, and I had not tended him, I should never have any peace."

"Let it be so, then, my husband," said Lucette. "We will none of us shrink from our duty. Let us take it in turns to attend upon the sick, and trust to that merciful God in whose hand is life and death."

In about half-an-hour, Sir Edward rode away with a heavy heart for Paris; and the day at the chateau of Mirepoix passed sullenly over. Lady Langdale could hardly be persuaded to leave her boy's room even for a little rest.—Bernard March never quitted him, and when Lucette was persuaded to retire for a short time, and suffer Lucy to take her place, Bernard was still watching by his side. The poor boy was now very ill, burning with fever and talking incoherently from time to time. More of those terrible blue spots had appeared on various parts of his person, and no longer any doubt remained that he suffered from plague in one of its severest forms. But Lucy lost not her firmness or composure for a moment. She glided calmly and quietly about the room, smoothing the sick pillow, seeking for a little vinegar to mingle with the water, gently opening or closing the windows, as the caprices of the poor boy required; and when he dozed away into a restless slumber, she sat silently watching with Bernard March, fearing to awaken the sufferer even by a whisper. When the slumber became more profound, almost approaching stupor, she conversed in low tones with the companion of her watch, seeming to derive much comfort and consolation from the words he spoke. His knowledge of the disease, his calm firmness under its actual presence, the hopeful tone in which he spoke, all seemed to re-assure her; and that night's vigil was not without salutary effects on Lucy's mind.

"I wish you would go to bed, Bernard," she said; "you have been here all day. I can tend him quite well now. See how he sleeps; and my mother will be back in a few minutes, I am sure."

"I am not in the least tired," replied Bernard March. "If you knew how often I have kept watch for whole nights together, you would understand that this does not fatigue me. I wish, however, that you would sit on this side of the bed, where the wind would blow over you to him.

Lucy smiled and changed her seat.

"It little matters," she said. "We are in the chamber of death; I feel it. The will of God will decide the rest. Do people ever recover from this pestilence, Bernard?"

"Oh, yes," replied Bernard March; "some years ago, when I was a mere boy and with the King's army at Oxford, one of my brothers, since dead, was seized with this pestilence at Barnet. I went to him directly, and never left him. He recovered; and I have known many others. Indeed, two out of three get well."

"Did ever you see any one so ill as he is, restored to health?" asked Lucy. "How terrible he looks! One would hardly know him in twelve short hours."

"I have seen people much worse than he is, quite well within this year," replied Bernard, and then, fearing he was raising hope almost too high, he added, "I do not much like this heavy sleep. I have known people wake from it much worse."

Lucy rose and bent her head over her brother, watching his face as he lay breathing heavily before her. As she did so, her beautiful black hair fell over her shoulders, and her form seemed to assume additional lightness and grace, while her rich, warm complexion contrasted strangely with the bluish tinge upon the cheek of the suffering boy. To the eyes of Bernard March she looked like an angel bending over the dying to meet the departing spirit at the portals of death.

Before it was fully day, Sir Edward Langdale arrived from Paris, accompanied by a physician, a young man of talent, who was the only person whom even money would bribe to go into the infected district. He was a grave and an eager man, and if he had not much experience, he had much energy. As soon as he saw the little boy, his face fell; but he relaxed no effort, and by all the means that were known in those days, he endeavored both to save the sufferer, and to prevent the infection from spreading through the house. Free air was admitted everywhere, fumigations of many kinds were used, the plague waters of Madame Lavange were administered largely.

Vain, vain, all vain! the destroying angel had gone forth, and was not to be satisfied without its appointed number. Several of the servants fled; several remained; some caught the disease with more or less severity. But let us not pause on the terrible history. At the end of the month, health had returned to the chateau at Mirepoix; but sadness and gloom were upon it. Lady Langdale had had the malady badly, but had recovered; her eldest son was also convalescent. Lucy had felt it very

tightly; her sweet calmness seemed to have disarmed the enemy; three of the servants had died; Sir Edward and Bernard March had escaped entirely; but there were two boys less in the house; and the father and mother, the brother and sister mourned for those who were taken away from the face of the earth at the moment when earth is brightest, and hope is leading on life most gaily.

CHAPTER X.

A month again passed; the air became cool, nay, even frosty in the nights and mornings; the pestilence passed away, and the whole neighboring country was declared free of disease. The family of *Sir* Edward Langdale returned from Mirepoix to Belaye, but the change which had come upon their household since they had left their favorite residence, was as great as that which came over the temperature, and somewhat similar in character. Every one of them felt that the world was colder, that there was some sunshine gone; and when moments of thought intruded, and they remembered the loving eyes and happy looks which they could see no more, it was as if a frost—an *eager* and a biting frost—fell upon their hearts, and rendered the very brightness of safety chilling. But there were other changes that had taken place in that family, of as much importance to our history. The feelings of Bernard March and Lucy Langdale towards each other were very much altered. They could never look upon each other with the same eyes again, after their vigils by the dying boys, and a long course of mutual sympathy and reliance. All the family indeed regarded Bernard March in a different light from that in which they had viewed him before. His noble self devotion, his fortitude, his untiring activity and skill, his almost womanly kindness to the sick and dying children, had made them all feel as if he were a son or a brother.

But the change was greater than this in Lucy. It had been gradual, and to herself almost imperceptible; but yet from time to time she would be startled at her own sensations, she would think it almost wrong to look upon him as a being of a superior kind, to let him occupy so much—nay, can we not say, the whole of her thoughts; and once or twice, too, such reflections would bring a little coldness upon her manner—perhaps it would be better to call it timidity. But it seldom lasted for an hour; and his presence would soon make her as gentle and familiar again. She might say "Master Bernard" once or twice; but it was speedily, "Bernard," once more; and if the truth must be told, notwithstanding this little hesitancy, when Bernard March, as was now much his custom, rode out with her brother in the park, taught him the use and management of the sword on horseback, showed him how to parry the push of a pike, or to strike even a minute object without exposing his own person, Lucy would creep to a window whence she could see them, and return more thoughtful than when she went.

It would be unfair to expose poor Lucy's feelings thus without saying something of those of Bernard March. Now there are a thousand different ways of falling in love in this world; and I have descanted upon this subject enough in other works to render it unnecessary to dwell upon it here. But I only wish to point out that Bernard March was not one of those people who tumble in love at every step, whose heart is a mere barrel of gunpowder, ready to explode at the first touch of the match. He had in life had other matters to attend to, and he had somehow cultivated the notion, that it was better for him, placed as he was, to avoid all sensations, all affections even, which could withdraw his mind from the great object of his life. He knew what an absorbing thing is love, and he had resolved never to trust himself within its influence. But could he pass through such scenes as he had passed through with Lucy Langdale, could he see that beautiful form and lovely face bending without a thought for herself over her plague stricken brethren, could he trace in every word, in every thought that heavenly mingling of tenderness and firmness, and keep his resolution? It was all in vain: day by day, and hour by hour, he felt admiration changing into tenderness, and tenderness spreading forth into love.

We must not say that he gave way without a struggle, that he did not give up many an hour to thought, that he did not consider his position in every point of view, and ask himself how he should act. But struggle, and thought, and consideration were of no avail. It appeared with him, as it happens with most men, that these resources came too late. Bernard March was in love before he knew it.

In regard to how he should act the question was easily decided. He resolved to let things take their course, to withhold nothing from Sir Edward Langdale, whenever a fit opportunity of explanation occurred, to act towards Lucy as he had previously acted, without thought or restraint, but to bind her by no ties till he had obtained her father's full consent; and Bernard thought he could obtain it. At the same time he did not deceive himself so far as to imagine that he would abstain from seeking her love. Strange to say, with a blindness common to unpresumptuous men, he did not at all comprehend that Lucy loved him already.

There was one way of ingratiating himself with Sir Edward Langdale which Bernard took unconsciously. Both Lucy and her brother, though they had felt the pestilence but in a light form, had been greatly weakened by it, and were still languid and feeble when they returned to Belaye; and a few words dropped by Sir Edward showed his young friend the anxiety he felt for his boy's future health. From that moment Bernard March applied himself by robust, but temperate exercise, to strengthen the young lad's constitution. He led him to all manly sports, was himself his companion and instructor, little thinking that while engaged with friendly zeal in this task he was winning the admiration of the father, and fostering the love of the daughter by the skill and grace which he himself displayed.

As far as his efforts with young Henry Langdale were concerned, the course he took was perfectly successful. Every day the lad gained greater strength. His cheek recovered the hue of health; his chest expanded, his arms became robust, and sleep returned to his pillow at night. But Lucy still continued feeble. She became weary before the day was done; and the rose which was once so bright in her cheek seemed faded away forever, though the eyes were still as bright as stars, and the lips kept their carnation.

It was one evening not very long after their return that the whole family, as was now their custom, had assembled together in the great saloon, and Lucy seemed more than usually fatigued. Her mother urged her to go to bed; but she replied, with a smile,

"I will go in a few minutes; but I have taken a strange fancy, dear mother, that if I could hear Bernard sing I should rest better."

There were two who started at her words: one was Sir Edward Langdale, who looked up suddenly from the book he was reading with an air of surprise. The other was Bernard March, who instantly rose and went to the neighboring chamber for a lute that was there. He returned in a moment, and sitting quietly down, first put the instrument in tune, and then throwing his hands over the strings, produced a strain of exquisite and solemn music, unequalled by anything that his auditors had ever heard before.

"This should be played on the organ," said Bernard March, "and sung by four voices."

He felt that it was a moment when music might be a medicine, and his subject and his melody were well chosen.

> Turn not away the head,
> As if no joy were left,
> As if e'en faith were dead,
> And life of hope bereft.
>
> Bend not thine eyes to earth,
> As if repose were there,
> As if no smiles were worth
> The calm of mute despair.
>
> One lapse of sunny day
> Pictures man's life below,
> Soft in the morning ray,
> Fierce in the mid-day glow
>
> Weeping perchance, at eve,
> Through hopeful gleams of light,
> Unwilling earth to leave,
> Setting at length in night.
>
> Yet in the darkest hour,
> When not a star is seen,
> Faith has her grandest power
> E'en in that sombre scene
>
> Man knows another day
> Once more shall greet his eyes,
> And all that's past away,
> In greater beauty rise.

All listened, all felt the application of the words, but Lucy felt most strongly, bending forward as if to catch every tone, till at length her head rested on her hands, and then, when she covered her eyes, the bright tear drops were seen forcing their way between her fingers and coursing down her cheeks.

When he had done she started up, saying,

"Thank you, thank you, Bernard, this will do me much good. I have wanted tears for the last month;" and she hurriedly left the room. Her mother and brother followed her, and Bernard remained alone with Sir Edward Langdale. Both were silent for some minutes, the one letting the lute rest upon his knee while his eyes were bent down upon the strings in deep thought, the other gazing at him with a grave and inquiring look.

Suddenly Bernard raised his eyes, saying,

"Sir Edward Langdale, it is time that we should have some explanation."

"I think so, Bernard," said the knight; "what I have seen this evening has taken me by surprise."

"Painful surprise, no doubt," said Bernard March; "but perhaps some part of that pain may be dissipated. I never thought to love any one. I gave up my whole youth to one great cause, and I had thought that no one—no passion, no affection, could ever alienate one thought from that cause. But I love your daughter, Sir Edward, with feelings that have grown upon me imperceptibly, but none the less powerfully—"

"Have you spoken to Lucy on this subject?" interrupted Sir Edward, gravely.

"Not one word," answered Bernard. "I would not have done so for a diadem, first, because I had not spoken to you, and secondly, because I have not at this time the means of maintaining her in that rank to which she and I are born."

He laid a strong emphasis on the word "I," and Sir Edward replied, after a moment's thought,

"The loss of my property of Buckley, confiscated to the use of the Parliament, has very much diminished my income; but still, Bernard, I am not an avaricious man. At a future period Lucy will have her competence; for the estate of Mirepoix is, to use the English phrase, 'settled upon my wife's eldest daughter.'—My son takes this property, as well as some others; but Mirepoix is a fine estate."

"Now I understand," said Bernard March, abstractedly.

"What do you mean?" asked Sir Edward.

"Merely that I understand why Madame de Chevreuse should wish to obtain possession of your daughter. Doubtless she had promised her hand either to Monsieur de Breteuil or to Monsieur de Villeneuve."

"Perhaps so," said Sir Edward; "but to the point: I cannot suffer Lucy to engage her hand or her affections to a man of whom I know little or nothing, however much I may esteem what I have seen of him."

Ah, Sir Edward Langdale! I fear you have somewhat changed your views since your own youth!

Bernard March took a pen from the inkstand on the table, and wrote four words upon a scrap of paper, then quietly handed it across to Sir Edward Langdale, who started up the instant he had read it, and grasped him by the hand, exclaiming,

"My noble lord, how glad I am to see you!"

But Bernard put his fingers on his lips, saying,

"Hush! my dear sir, that name must never be mentioned while I am here in France. It is only on the condition that I remain perfectly incognito that I have permission to remain at all. The moment I am generally known, I must remove to Breda and join the Prince, which, for many reasons, I do not wish to do at present."

"But I fear you cannot long remain concealed," said Sir Edward Langdale. "You spoke of having seen the Prince de Condé, and when you returned you had two men with you who disappeared the same night."

"His Highness has kept and will keep my secret carefully," said Bernard March; "and as for the two men, they are old and faithful friends, on whom I can rely. But now let me return to the point. Do you object, Sir Edward, to my seeking your daughter's affection? for if you do, I must quit this dwelling before daylight to-morrow."

"Can you ask the question seriously?" said Sir Edward Langdale. "The noblest of the noble, the bravest of the brave, could never ask the hand of Edward Langdale's daughter in vain."

"But remember," said Bernard March, "that he is also the poorest of the poor."

"That matters not," replied the other.—"None can say in this strange age what a few days or a few months may bring forth; but, happen what will, we have enough, and you shall share with the rest. I have long seen and known that you were not what you appeared; but I took *you* for another person.—You are so young for all you have undergone. My lord Duke, your brother, whom I know well, must be much older."

"Many years," said Bernard March; "I am the youngest of the family; but my brother led me into battle at fifteen, and fraternal love, as well as loyalty, has since commanded my whole thoughts."

"Now God forbid," said Sir Edward, "that love for a child of mine should withdraw those thoughts from the holy cause you have so well sustained, as long as there is one hope left; but I have learned by some experience that the bright paintings of the old *romanciers* are not altogether fanciful, and that high and noble love is inseparably connected with high and noble actions—nay, is a source from which they well up as bright waters from a fountain. But let us speak no more of this to night.—Lucy is still very young, and we shall still have time and to spare." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1859.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is $2 a year *in advance*—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number. For $5, *in advance*, one copy is sent three years—or four copies sent to one direction for one year.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States Postage.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of THE POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

TO CHANCE READERS.

For the information of chance readers, we may state that among the regular contributors to THE POST, are

G. P. R. James, Esq., author of Richelieu, Old Dominion, &c.	Mary Howitt.
T. S. Arthur.	Grace Greenwood.
Emma Alice Browne.	Florence Percy.
Author of "Letters from Paris."	Martha Russell.
	Mrs. M. A. Denison.
	Author of "My Last Cruise," &c.

The productions of many other writers of great celebrity are also yearly given, from the English and other periodicals. For instance, last year, we published articles from the pen of CHARLES DICKENS, DINAH MARIA MULOCH, ALFRED TENNYSON, WILKIE COLLINS, H. W. LONGFELLOW, MRS. H. B. STOWE, the AUTHOR of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," the AUTHOR of "The Red Court Farm," &c., &c., &c.,—giving thus to our readers, the very best productions of the very best minds, either as written for THE POST, or as fresh selections—which course insures a greater variety and brilliancy of contents, than could possibly be attained in any other way. The articles already engaged for the present year, from our special contributors, *who write expressly for our columns*, are—first and foremost—

THE CAVALIER, by G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.

[To show that we have hesitated at no reasonable expense to procure the very best talent for our readers, we may be allowed to state that we pay Mr. James for the above Novelet the sum of

$1,680.00!

an amount which, though large, is simply in accordance with the usual rates that Mr James's high reputation enables him to command. We may further add that Mr. JAMES WILL WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.]

STORIES by MARY HOWITT.
A NOVELET by T. S. ARTHUR, Esq.
"CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS"—A SERIES. By GRACE GREENWOOD.
LETTERS FROM PARIS. A SERIES. By ——.
POEMS from FLORENCE PERCY.
POEMS from EMMA ALICE BROWNE, &c., &c., &c.

In addition to the above and other original, and our usual selected stores of Literary matter, we furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c.—a class of contents interesting to all, and almost indispensable to country readers.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 179—Adults 78, and children 101.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

A writer in a recent number of "Household Words," says that the negotiations for the recent marriage between the Sardinian Princess and Prince Napoleon—a man old enough to be her father, and not among the most moral of men—were opened last summer at the watering place of Plombieres. Said correspondent, it seems, was there at the time, and describes the appearance of the Emperor as follows:—

> Is it treasonable to tell how the Emperor looks at Plombieres, divested of external pomp? He is grizzled, cadaverous, and lame in the left hip, and labors to conceal that last defect. His walk is awkward. He turns out his toes, and leans heavily on the strong stick he carries in his well-gloved hand. He is carefully dressed; but, though his coat fits him very accurately, he has nothing of the air of a perfectly dressed man. His figure is not improved by the cuirass which his coat will not conceal. Every step he takes is studied, while his eyes scans the passer-by with a look which has something uncanny in its expression.
>
> The Emperor's bearing and appearance have materially changed of late years. The expression of the eye is colder than ever, and the lid droops more heavily over it. The hair is thinning on the brow, and growing gray. The imperial is not so carefully trimmed. The hollow under the cheek-bone has deepened; the cheek itself being more ashy. One cannot fancy a smile now on that elongated visage. All this we had ample opportunity of noting, without any breach of outward courtesy. The Emperor passed us on his way into the little valley, and stood there for a considerable time, directing the gardeners, and sometimes marking the pathways himself with a long staff. It was a curious scene, and so quiet!

The appearance of the bridegroom is described as follows:—

> The world hears that her husband is the image of the First Napoleon. He is certainly wonderfully like the portraits of his uncle, but (I am a woman, and am critical upon the outsides of men) cast in a coarser mould. He is a large, loose, and yellow edition of that "little corporal." He is short-sighted, and screws his glass in his eye in a way that does not improve the expression of his heavy, passionless face. He speaks in an abrupt tone. They say he imitates the great Napoleon. He is clever; and, though wary enough to avoid the schemes that occasionally beset him, he has, I believe, less of the intriguer about him than most Bonapartes; except his father, who keeps to his path, and is much respected.

It is curious how "the whirligig of time brings about its *inconsistencies*"—apparent, if not real. Thus, a few years ago, when Louis Napoleon smote down the Roman Republic with his mailed hand, curses both loud and deep ascended against him from thousands of vehement Italian hearts. Louis Napoleon was to them an incarnation of all that was mean, treacherous and malignant. One would not have supposed that he ever could have become aught but a demon of despotism in their eyes. But a few new moves on the chessboard—moves as if he were bent upon checkmating Austria—and lo! he seems to them to be already changing his garments into those of an angel of light. Sardinia already is looking up to him as the regenerator of Italy—and the republicans of the peninsula, wherever dwelling, seem to be but waiting his word to flock to either the French or Sardinian standard.—Even in this country do we begin to read in the papers the praises of Louis Napoleon's policy—and flings at the English people for remaining coldly aloof from a liberal movement, headed by such a very *liberal* monarch as the Emperor of the French.

Curious enough all this. That any one should think for a moment that a monarch so thoroughly selfish and unscrupulous as Louis Napoleon, is moving in relation to Italy for aught than his own selfish ends! What does he, who has relentlessly trampled down all opposition in France, care that Austria has done the same thing in her Italian possessions? Austria does no more than he does himself, that is, trample out the sparks. And if she tramples sometimes a little harder and fiercer, it is because the sparks she has to contend with are of a more inflammable and dangerous character.

We know well that it may be said by the Italian republicans, we rejoice to see France and Austria falling out, for, in the melee, we may become masters of the situation, and regain our own. We do not deny that such a thing *might* be—but the chances are heavily the other way. In all probability, France or Austria will remain master of the field—and the field itself, by the close of the contest, be so furrowed by cannon balls, and blasted by fire, as to be scarcely worth having. And while we say this, we are by no means open to the charge of indifference to the Italian cause. It would rejoice us much to see the whole of Italy united under one stable and constitutional government, which should be powerful enough to protect its people from foreign invasion, conservative enough to protect itself from anarchy and corruption, and liberal enough to allow the unfettered development, in all rightful directions, of the human beings under its sway.

"MOUNT VERNON RECORD."—This is the name of a very neat and prettily got up paper devoted to the purchase of the Mount Vernon property. It is published monthly, and contains all the latest information relative to the Ladies Association, with the names of the contributors to the Fund, and various interesting details connected with the life, character and services of him who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." The publishers are Devereux & Co., of this city. See their prospectus in our advertising columns.

THE new cent, or "nickel," with the figure of an Indian's head on its face, is represented as being poisonous—several children having died from the effects of them, by putting them in their mouths.

If the above be true, we trust no more of them will be made. It is almost impossible to keep cents out of the hands of children—and from their hands to their mouths, the progress is both easy and rapid. Much rather would we have the bulky but innocent old copper cent, than any more convenient, but poisonous invention.

EXPERIMENTS show that an electrical shock sufficiently powerful to kill an ox, may be discharged from a straw.

Yes, and tumblers of "thunder and lightning," sufficient to kill a man, may be imbibed through a straw.

MR. JEFFERSON'S GUNBOATS.—From a recent letter of Commodore Stewart's, it appears that Mr. Jefferson's famous gunboats, which were built under the pretext of harbor defences, were really intended for the conquest of Cuba, a war with Spain at that time (1806) being considered unavoidable. As the war, however, did not come off, the attack on Cuba was not made.

☞ MR. GEORGE L. DIX, of Boston, long known as an energetic and able business man, has connected himself with the new Boston publishing firm of Brown, Taggart & Chase. Mr. Dix's business talents and personal qualities must make the new connexion highly valuable to all concerned.

THE ROSINE.—The Annual Meeting of the Rosine Association will be held at the Sansom Street Hall, on Thursday afternoon, April 7th, at 3½ o'clock.

QUESTIONS, ANSWERS, &c.

EDWARD. You say you did not speak of kissing "*men*"—but only "*one man*," whom you love more than any woman. We do not perceive that this makes any difference, however. We may add that you have a high Scriptural precedent for your course—for we are told that the love of Jonathan for David "was wonderful, passing the love of women," and that, on one occasion, they "*kissed* one another, and wept one with another, until David exceeded." As we said, it is very much a matter of custom, arising from the general mental constitution of a nation. We have an utter aversion to such doings ourselves.

R. F. We do not like to be asked to look over the back numbers of our paper, in order that we may republish certain old receipts. The best plan is, either to file the paper, or else cut out the receipts, or whatever else is thought valuable, and paste them in a book. The best plan to prevent a nail growing into the flesh, is not to cut it too close to the quick at the edges, but notch or hollow it out so that the tendency will be to grow from the edge, in order to close up the notch or hollow. The nail also should be raised, and cotton put under the edge which grows in.—An ounce of prevention in all such cases is worth a pound of cure.

P. D. W. In answer to repeated questions we may say that we know nothing of what purports to be the Howard Association of this city.

LETTER. It was received and forwarded, according to address.

one in particular, in which the writer mani- a decided preference for hop yeast bread, ald like to compete with her before a com- e of impartial judges, she using her hop , and I my salt-rising. If the flour is good he rising attended to at the proper time, is as soon as light) it will never become d. I will now give you my manner of pro- ng with that kind of bread:

rly in the morning, say as soon as five ck, take a vessel of about a quart size and one-third full of water milk-warm, add- hree table spoonsful of new milk, and of salt ugar, each as much as you can hold be- n the thumb and forefinger, then stir in as flour as will make a thick batter. Set it kettle of warm water if the weather is cool, keep it an even temperature till fermenta- takes place which will be in four or five s; then take as much flour as will make large loaves and a teaspoon full of salt d. Scald about one third of the flour with a little below the boiling point, (this s the bread sweet and moist) *the two main ies in good bread*, then add enough milk water to make the paste sufficiently cool, so t to scald the rising, which will bear a y high temperature; then mix in your and knead quick and thoroughly. Lay loaves in good baking pans, set in a warm cover with a clean cloth and lay on the that a light pillow to keep the warmth escaping. Your bread will be ready for ven in about one hour. Bake till it is a brown color and is thoroughly done. w if L. L. will follow my directions (albeit ame from the same direction that the wise came from,) I will guaranty that her NCHAT" will have no reason to complain

"AMUSING. A question that seems now to be agitating the readers of one of the cheap London periodicals, is whether it is the duty of a wife to black her husband's boots. A funny people, those Bulls. It is only fair to add, however, that the great majority—especially of the ladies—assert that it is not. The idea of its being a question, where a man has no servant to clean his boots, whether he or his wife should do it!

WINE. We doubt very much whether there is a gallon of pure and unadulterated port wine in the whole United States. There may be wines from Portugal, but not the true article from Oporto. A wine merchant of this city, some years ago, sent out to his agents in London, a celebrated firm, to send him some real port, without regard to expense—and the result was, a lot of the poorest stuff ever drunk by man, in whose favor all that could be said was, that it was really shipped at Oporto. The following, from an English source, may throw some light upon this subject:—"At the south-western corner of Languedoc, is the town and port of Cette, on the shores of the Mediterranean. The port is always gay with shipping, and the English Union Jack is the most familiar of all the flags in that port. A stranger landing would suppose that the inhabitants were the coopers for all the world—staves and hoops seem the staple commodity of the place. The imports are Bencarlo, Cheropiga, logwood and sugar. What are the exports? Spanish sweet wines—port and sherry; French wines, claret, Burgundy, Champagne; German wines, Hock, Johannisberger, Tokay; and Madeira and Constantia. Whence come these wines? Perhaps the wines of Languedoc enter into the compound. Not a bit of it. Besides the imports mentioned above, great quantities of cider are brought into the town from the interior, and that cider forms the stock of all the wines exported. Bencarlo, and that poisonous compound Cheropiga, turn it into port by the aid of sugar and bad brandy. Logwood and beet-root give the color, and then it is put into Spanish-looking pipes, sent over to England, and lodged for the nonce in the London Docks. You buy wine on your own judgment from the sample. According as the stuff tickles your palate is the price. The merchant sells what is entered at the docks as port for port, and what is entered as sherry for sherry. He knows of the cheat all the while; but he does not consider that he is the cheat, and so the trade flourishes." If, as the foregoing account has it, French cider is really the basis of these foreign "wines," so called, as so much of our own cider is of the champagne made in this country, our fashionable people might as well come down to the cider itself,—which can be got, with a little trouble, perfectly pure at home—and which certainly is not improved by the addition of Bencarlo, Cheropiga, Logwood, Beet root, and bad Brandy. What a joke, to think that when one of our wealthy merchants is tossing off his bumper of port, sherry or claret, he is simply imbibing an impure specimen of the article which some humble country cousin is taking *pure* with his apples or his shell-barks! Shakspeare well said, "Take *physic*, pomp!"

FRANK. It is a hard case, certainly, to have all the girls in the village pulling each others' hair almost, for love of you, and a desire in each to monopolize you for herself, but such *delusions* are not altogether unknown. It may be that the delusion is simply on your part. It would be laughable if, when you come to make a selection, and "pop the question," you should be refused all round. Some young men's vanity can only be cured by that kind of physic. Did you ever hear of the man out of whom it was said one could make a splendid speculation, simply by buying him at what other people thought of him, and selling him at what he thought of himself?

New Publications.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

Among the important books of the day may be confidently ranked the new LIFE OF JOHN MILTON, (Gould & Lincoln, Boston,) by DAVID MASSON, M. A., the Professor of English Literature in London University College, a man whom Carlyle, so exacting in his demands of men, has warmly praised both for his manhood and scholarship. His work, which will be completed in three volumes, narrates the life of the regal poet of Paradise Lost in connection with the political, ecclesiastical, and literary history of his time, so that it constitutes, in fact, a complete view of that "time-bettering age," from the Miltonian stand point. The first volume carries us through the period of Milton's education and minor poems. In the second we shall see him as the herald and champion of civil and religious liberty—the period of that majestic prose whose glorious roll is like the march of the stars; and in the third, he will appear as the composer of the renowned epic which makes him, after Shakspeare, the greatest poet the world has known. Mr. Masson's most difficult labors are therefore to come, but his first volume is written with a noble modesty, a mastery of his theme, a learning and eloquence, which promise well. An interesting feature in the volume is the portrait of Milton at the age of ten, a nice, chubby, grave little Puritan boy. There is also a picture of him in his youth, a fine manly face, but requiring us to imagine it in the colors of life, before we can conceive that beauty which won for Milton the title of "the lady of the college."

From Milton to Scott is—speaking without offence—a violent transition. But we make it to say that with CASTLE DANGEROUS and the SURGEON'S DAUGHTER, the admirable household edition of the Waverley novels (published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston,) is brought to a close. The crowning crime of which Carlyle finds the Prussian annalists guilty, is publishing their works without an index; but nobody can impeach Messrs. Ticknor & Fields on this, or indeed, any other score; for they handsomely wind up their matchless edition of Scott with an index of the principal incidents in the novels, another index of names, and another of notes, not to mention a list of the novels in their alphabetical and chronological order, and a glossary. They should now publish Scott's poems uniform with this edition of the stories, and thus cap the monument of their taste and fidelity.

If there were any truth in the old slander about "traveller's tales" the transition from books of fiction to books of travel, would be no transition at all. But the same age which took from Herodotus the title of "Father of Lies," and restored to him his rightful name of "Father of History" has vindicated the travellers and drawn a broad dividing line between them and Baron Munchausen. Even the bouncers of Marco Polo and Sir John Mandeville, are traceable rather to credulity than mendacity, while the modern travellers have been proved true as the oracle, all the lying about foreign countries being done solely by the tourists. This favorable state of things enables us to read, without any reminiscence of Ananias, the story of DR. BARTH'S TRAVELS AND DISCOVERIES IN NORTH AND CENTRAL AFRICA, (J. W. Bradley, Philada.,) a book which all who read the delightful pages of Dr. Livingstone ought to peruse. Dr. Livingstone, it will be remembered, tells us what he saw among the black pagans of South Central Africa; but Dr. Barth followed a different line of observation, travelling in the region north of the equator, chiefly among the dark fanatic Mahommedans of the Tebu. If any think that in this nineteenth century, courage and contempt of hardship are a lost tradition, let them follow the footsteps of this dauntless scholar, among the fierce hordes of Central Africa. The noble benefits Dr. Barth has conferred on science and civilization by his explorations, are not the only elements in the constitution of his heroism, as the readers of this book will see.

Another gallant traveller is Mr. THOMAS WITLAM ATKINSON, whose ORIENTAL AND WESTERN SIBERIA (J. W. Bradley, Phila.,) holds the record of seven years' adventures in Siberia, Mongolia, the Khirghis Steppes, Chinese Tartary, and a portion of Central Asia. Mr. Atkinson is an English artist, whose pages show that he can at once look at the people and landscape with the eye of a painter, taking in all shades of wildness and lines of beauty, and also survey things with cool, acute, minute, sharp common sense. His book is a vast fund of information, and stirs with adventure. Wonderful fellows are these Englishmen who go everywhere, see everything, suffer and dare all risks and privations, with a native pluck equal to any fortune that may befal!—and of this resolute and venturous race the author of this book is a most notable specimen.

Another specimen of an Englishman, different in kind, but a true-blue, and a blood relation to the British Lion, is JOHN BROWN—the

original John Brown, we haven't a doubt—the proprietor of the University Billiard Rooms at classic Cambridge in England, whose SIXTY YEARS' GLEANINGS FROM LIFE'S HARVEST (D. Appleton & Co., New York,) is one of the rarest things we know of—namely, a genuine book. He who lays his hand on John Brown's Autobiography, will find a strong pulse in it, and the biceps muscle. Straightforward, manly and modest, self-centred, self-reliant, blunt, prejudiced, truthful, faithful, a lover of Shakspeare, a worker, an observer, a humorist, and good fellow,—John Brown tells his fresh and graphic story of experience as a neglected child, a wanderer, shoemaker, sailor, soldier, actor, tavern-keeper, billiard-room proprietor, and civic dignitary; and, in this record of the ups and downs of a chequered life, presents an "abstract and brief chronicle of the time," as valuable, we foresee, to future annalists of our era, as it is entertaining to the present reader. To make the book complete, it should have had the smiling and hearty portrait of the author, which so lights up the English edition.

MR. CHARLES LANMAN'S DICTIONARY OF CONGRESS, (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia,) is a valuable manual of reference, containing concise biographical sketches of all our Congressmen from the foundation of the Government, together with an appendix embodying a mass of executive and legislative information. In some respects, however, the work is defective. It professes to record, incidentally, "the public services of our national lawmakers," but says nothing about who spat, and swore, and were drunk and noisy in our national councils,—who gave the lie, and bandied threats, and flourished bowie-knives, and fought and gouged—who managed, and jobbed, and log rolled, and lobbied, and "rushed through" private bills tacked on to public bills at the close of the session, and dipped into the public funds in one way or another. Now if, as Landor says, "our vices are necessary to our virtues" the vices of members of Congress ought to be considered among their public services, and if they can be so considered, their numerical preponderance at least, ought to ensure them a prominent place in a work of this kind. Certainly if the benefit of such services is at all in proportion to the frequency with which they have been rendered, the country has profited much at the hands of its law-makers.

But whether the country will ever be able to pay the debt of gratitude it owes to its legislators for such services, is a problem not solved by MR. STEPHEN COLWELL, in his work on THE WAYS AND MEANS OF PAYMENT, (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia,) which is an analysis of the Credit System, with the various modes of its adjustment, and is manifestly well worth the attention of all persons interested in our financial affairs. It is decidedly anti-bullion, vindicates the banking system, and advocates, among other reforms, the issue of treasury notes, on what basis and with what limitations, we advise everybody to learn from the work itself, since we have not space to present even a digest of it.

If anybody wants a prose poem, there is Lamartine's LIFE OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, (Desilver & Procter, New York.) If anybody wants a pure pleasure, there is the volume of LETTERS FROM SPAIN, (D. Appleton & Co., New York,) which the gentle poet Bryant wrote home from the land of Cervantes and the Cid.

In the days Dryden sings of, "when Music, heavenly maid, was young," we suppose there were no scientifically written and beautifully printed treatises on the cultivation and care of the voice. The nineteenth century proves its superiority by producing Signor Carlo Bassini, whose ART OF SINGING, AN ANALYTICAL, PHYSIOLOGICAL AND PRACTICAL SYSTEM FOR THE CULTIVATION OF THE VOICE, (O. Ditson, Boston, Beck & Lawton, Phila.,) has just been edited by Mr. Richard Storrs Willis. The musical student will find this work of great service. And, apropos of music, there is OUR MUSICAL FRIEND, a weekly publication, (Seymour & Co., New York, Ross & Tousey, Phila.,) the thirteenth number of which is before us, containing a quadrille, a march, a song, and three tunes for the flute or violin, all for ten cents. No one, at this rate, need perish for want of melody.

SPRING is but the child
Of churlish winter, in her forward moods
Discovering much the temper of her sire;
For oft, as if in her the streams of mild
Maternal nature had reserved its course,
She brings her infants forth with many smiles,
But once delivered, kills them with a frown.
—*Cowper.*

☞ A YOUNG SINGLE LADY.—We have good authority for knowing that the daughter of Enoch was 580 years old when she was married. If this ought not to be a balm to the drooping spirits of sweet 73, then we have no more to say.—*Town Talk.*

☞ Mrs. Pardiggle, that obstinately charitable lady, the friend of Mrs. Jellaby, of Borriaboola Gha proclivities, of the pious philanthropist, Mr. Gusher, and other personages in "Bleak House," must be visiting America, for we hear that an inquisitive female visited Boston jail the other day. She said to one prisoner: "What are you in for?" "For stealing a horse." "Are you not sorry?" "Yes."—"Won't you try and do better next time?" "Yes, I'll steal two!"

☞ A French regiment, at the battle of Spines, had orders to give no quarter. A German officer being taken, begged for his life.—"Sir," replied the polite Frenchman, "you may ask me any other favor, but as for your life, it is impossible for me to grant it."

OH, Freedom, thou art not as Poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses, gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he struck off his gyves. A bearded man—
Armed to the teeth—art thou. One mailed hand
Clasps the broad shield, and one the flashing sword;
Thy brow, glorious in beauty though it be,
Is scarred with tokens of old wars—
Thy massive limbs are strong with struggling.
—*Bryant.*

☞ A MUSICAL CRITIC.—You are quite right, sir; Verdi is a crack composer, on the just ground that he has cracked more voices than any other composer of the present day.—*Punch.*

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A SUDDEN DOWNFALL—THE GALLIC COCK CROWING—SHROVETIDE IN PARIS—CARNIVAL POLITICS—DISTINGUISHED VISITORS—A CHINESE COUNTRY-SEAT.

Paris, March 10, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The "event" of the week has been the resignation of the portfolio for Algeria by Prince Napoleon, whose excessive unpopularity here, as the head and chief of the war-party, was alluded to in my last. The retirement of the Prince from the Cabinet is regarded as a symptom of the decrease of the influence which was urging the Emperor on to a policy of which the country wholly disapproves; and the danger of a European collision is considered to be much lessened by this event. But so little confidence can be placed in the sincerity of the singular man into whose hands France has suffered her power to lapse, that no great confidence is felt, even yet, in the continuance of moderate and peaceful views on the part of the head of the Government. The papers, however, having now less immediate ground either for alarm or for gratulation, take refuge in a superabundant outpouring of sonorous articles intended to confirm the French people in the pleasant belief, so generally entertained by them, that France is, and naturally must be, the centre, light, guide, arbiter, and glory of the terrestrial world. Among these chanticleer songs of self-laudation, an article that filled a couple of columns of the *Siecle*, a few days ago, is perhaps one of the most characteristic and diverting. The writer—one of its leading Editors—begins his carol by declaring that although England is "convulsed by a cry for wider reform than has ever yet been conceded," (a state of being of which that country is probably ignorant!)—though Russia is calling uncounted millions of serfs into political existence, and thus passing through one of the most stupendous crises of national development—though Spain is busy making a political revolution every three days—though the Northern kingdoms are profoundly agitated by a domestic question of vital importance to themselves and to their neighbors—public opinion in France, intent on the "mission" which the French people are called on by Providence to accomplish as the leaders of the world, pays but the slightest possible heed to these facts, of which in fact it is almost unaware, while all the other countries of Europe scarcely heed them either; and yet, so universal and profound is the feeling of the fact that France is the mistress of the world, the pioneer of all progress, and the arbitress of all human destiny, that every one of these countries, from one end of Europe to the other, is absorbed in the contemplation of France, is anxiously pondering the thoughts, deeds, and probable intentions of France, and is calculating, by the expression of the intellect and will of France, the elements of its own position and that of its neighbors! After this broad statement—true enough just now, but from which, if France had a little less conceit, and a little more power of comprehending the views and action of the rest of the world, she would draw an inference somewhat at variance with that which is suggested by her egregious vanity—the writer goes on to console his countrymen for the "annoyances of exaggeration and misconception" inseparable from this universal gaze, assuring them that such are the necessary drawbacks of "glory" to nations as to individuals; and winds up his discourse by playfully and condescendingly rapping the rest of Europe over the knuckles, and entreating them to keep more calm with regard to France, to avoid the extremes of confidence or of fear in their suppositions with regard to her, and to place implicit confidence on the impossibility of mistaken or ungenerous action on the part of the acknowledged "guide, arbitress, and benefactress of the world." What is to be thought of a blindness and deafness carried to such lengths as this, as manifested by the press of an entire country, and shared, with a few exceptions only, by a whole people?

While all European life is thus summed up in the person of the French people, that people has been much given up, as usual, to the somewhat heavy merriment of the returning carnival. Every year, however, the masks which formerly filled the streets at this season, are fewer and fewer; the main attractions of the annual festival consisting in the traditional procession of oxen, and the innumerable masked balls, both public and private, which are then given, and of which we have had an unusual number this year. The procession which accompanies the toilsome journeyings of the poor animals selected for this purpose, as the finest of the season, at the annual cattle-fair of Poissy, was, this year, rather handsomer than usual. The allegorical cars were fresh painted and gilded, the dresses of the personages occupying them was fresher and more tasteful than they have been of late; and as the weather was very fine throughout the three days during which the "fatted oxen" make their appearance through the city, the public turned out *en masse* to witness the show. The custom of forcing the weary animals to march for seven long hours a day along the streets of Paris, has happily been exchanged of late for a promenading of them in a sort of triumphal car—one to each beast—to the different points at which they are expected to show themselves. The first halt is, of course, the Tuileries, then at the Palais Royal (the residence of Jerome Bonaparte and his son), next at the *hotel* of the Princess Mathilde, then at the various ministers, the foreign ambassadors, the archbishop's palace, and at the residences of the Rothschilds and other great capitalists. After three days of patient endurance of this unwelcome fatigue and excitement, the poor animals, with their great wondering eyes, their sleek proportions, their mocking garlands of paper-flowers and tinsel, and their utter helplessness, are marched to the shambles, and then deprived at once of their fictitious splendors and their life. The ugly business of meat-eating, which one is obliged to tolerate in practical life from its evident necessity for health, at the present stage of the world's history, seems uglier than ever when we see these beautiful, unoffending animals thus deprived of their last enjoyment of green fields and liberty, gazed on by hundreds of thousands of pitiless eyes, and after serving as a spectacle through three fatiguing and painful days, driven off to the *abattoir*, to be forthwith converted into steaks, sirloin, and the ubiquitous *pot au-feu*.

All the Catholic countries have been equally busy with the diversions and excitement of the carnival; the Spaniards varying the peculiar pleasures of the time with a profusion of bull-fights. In Turin, the annual procession of masks has been converted into a sort of political manifestation, intended to symbolise the idea of "Italian unity." It had been supposed that this "manifestation" would have embodied some "hits" against Austrian rule, but no such allusions were made. The procession consisted of nine allegorical cars, the decorations and occupants of which were meant to represent the different states of Italy; the peninsula itself being represented by a buxom woman, with long, black curls, arrayed in robes of the Italian tri-color, sitting under a bower of laurel, and surrounded by a group of women intended for the Fine Arts. The ninth car, sprinkled with a profusion of cotton-wool dabbed on in patches to imitate snow, and plentifully hung with icicles of silvered paper, contained a group of Savoyard mountaineers, and was understood to represent the Alps. There were crowds of lookers-on, as the procession took its way through the principal streets of the city. One of the disagreeable peculiarities of the carnival-amusements in Turin is the throwing of flour into carriages, thereby injuring the linings of the vehicles attacked, and spoiling the dresses of their occupants. Immense quantities of pellets are also shot at each other by the rejoicing revellers; the sugar-plums so generally flung about at Milan and Rome at this season are equally disagreeable, and all are apt to create anything but a pleasant sensation in the face, neck, or hands that they happen to hit. This custom of hurling small white objects, sugar-plums or pellets, during carnival-time, is probably a reminiscence of the snow-balls supposed to characterize this part of the year. The sole fountain of Turin, a new one, has just been completed, and played for a few days, throwing up a jet of water as high as the five-storied houses of the square, to the intense delight of the town-people, who are now getting drinkable water into the place, and hope to see fountains in other parts of their handsome but dusty squares.

Rumors are rife concerning the approaching visit of Pope and Emperor. He of All the Russias, whose intention to visit Paris has been affirmed until it has become a matter of general belief, is believed to be coming here some time in the course of next month; in anticipation of which great event the chroniclers of the day are busily calling up the various *souvenirs* connected with the visits which have been paid, at different periods, by members of the Russian reigning house to France.

Of the visit of the eccentric Peter the Great, many stories are told. It was on the 17th of May, 1717, that he arrived in Paris, Marshal de Tessé having been sent to meet him, with a train of court-carriages. The luxury-hating Czar refused to enter the gilded and bedizened carriage of the young King, which had been sent for his own use, as a special mark of honor; even that of the Marshal appeared to him too sumptuous, and it was only after long persuasion that he was induced to get into it.—Before the *cortège* reached Paris, the Czar, who found the top of the carriage too low for his comfort, broke it in, and stood up, in which whimsical fashion he made his entrance into Paris. When he was introduced into the suite of rooms prepared for him at the Louvre, he said they were too handsome, and refused to occupy them, though a magnificent repast was ready for the illustrious traveller. He was therefore taken to the noble Hotel of the Dukes of Lesdiguières, then unoccupied, in which his whimsical Majesty at length consented to install himself, though complaining that it was too handsome a lodging. The young King and the Regent visited him in this Hotel; the Czar returning their visits next day. He then set to work in earnest to explore the city, visiting all the monuments, the libraries, the courts of justice, &c. A medal in his honor was struck, in his presence, at the Mint; he slapped the old soldiers of the Invalides on their shoulders, and tasted their soup; attended the sittings of the Academy, and was assiduous in his visits to the opera. Before quitting Paris, he rode over to St. Cyr to see Mme. de Maintenon.—The widow of Louis XIV. received him in a room carefully darkened, in order to disguise from his Imperial eyes the ravages Time had made in her beauty. The rude visitor, whose curiosity was strangely excited by all that he had heard of this extraordinary woman, marched straight to one of the windows, drew the curtains aside, and steadfastly contemplated the withered old woman reclining majestically on her couch. Before Mme. de Maintenon could recover from her indignation at this unceremonious treatment, or her attendants from the stupor occasioned by his boldness, the Czar had turned on his heel and quitted the apartment of the once all-powerful favorite, without speaking a word. On the 20th of June the Czar left Paris, and went to Spa, where the Czarina was awaiting him. Before quitting Paris, the Czar presented his portrait, enriched with diamonds, to the Duke d'Antin, Marshals de Tessé and d'Estrées, the Marquis de Livry and M. de Verton.

Half a century afterwards, the Russian heir-presumptive, Paul Petrowitch, and his wife, visited Paris *incog.*, under the name of the Count and Countess du Nord. They were magnificently received by the Court, and visited everything of interest in the capital.

In March, 1814, the Emperor Alexander I. visited Paris as a conqueror, with the chiefs and armies of the Allies victorious over Napoleon I. In 1857, the Grand duke Constantine made his first visit to Napoleon III., one year and a few months after the termination of the war in the Crimea.

It is certainly matter of rejoicing that both rulers and people are, in our day, being brought into nearer personal acquaintance than was possible in days of old, when travelling was of all human undertakings the slowest, costliest, and most dangerous. Thanks to steam, (and to iron, without which we might whistle for steam, instead of steam whistling for us!) the ends of the earth are beginning to come together, and war, as we see by the present attitude of Europe, is becoming more and more repugnant to the world. Not only Russia visits Paris and London, but Paris and London are transported, in the form of their products and usages, into the remotest corners of the hitherto-secluded East. See what an inroad the Western barbarians are making into the domestic usages of the Celestial Empire, as detailed by a visitor just returned from the Flowery Land.

"Our friend," says this gentleman, speaking of a long-tailed Chinese functionary, who had been doing the amiable to him, "took us to his country-house, a perfect specimen of the residence of a Chinese gentleman. The grounds are entered by a triumphal gate, and contain ten miles of carriage road. It is a fine undulating tract, reclaimed from the jungle, and laid out with admirable taste. A tiger had been killed in the outskirts but a few days before. The garden was very large, with bamboo hedges, and great tanks full of fish, the tanks being edged with blue bricks and perforated tiles. In the grounds were nutmegs, mangosteens, plantains, dariens, and cocoanuts. Beautiful unknown flowers were growing all about the place in immense China vases. The tea-plant was there also, belonging, evidently, to the tribe of camellias, three or four feet high, and bearing small, white flowers like those of the dog-rose; 'moon-flowers,' a kind of round convolvulus, opening only at night; a bower of 'monkey-cups,' as the pitcher-flower is called, from the fact that the monkeys drink from them; also the fan palm, whose stem, when pierced by a penknife, yields clear, cold, pure water; tiny creepers were bent into the shape of baskets, pagodas, &c., or trained over wire-frames to imitate dragons and elephants, with egg-shells for eyes, and there were plenty of the wonderful little dwarfed trees, perfect in shape and development, being miniature oaks, elms, &c., about eighteen inches high, looking like little withered old men. There were, moreover, monkeys in cane cages, porcupines, rare birds, small Brahmin bulls, cashmere goats, young kangaroos, and superb pigs, whose styes were models of cleanliness and good keeping. The house was large, and superbly furnished, in European style, with the addition of quantities of lanterns, which were hung in every direction. The drawing-rooms were entered by doors sliding across circular openings. At six o'clock the guests arrived, mostly European, and wearing the short, white jackets and trowsers, which appear to be considered "the thing" by all Europeans in this hot climate. The dinner was admirably served, in good Paris style; and all its appointments, as regarded plate, wines, glass, and dishes, were perfect. The quiet, attentive waiting of the little Chinese boy-servants was beyond all praise. After dinner we lounged through the rooms, decorated with English prints of Queen Victoria and her family, statuettes, curiosities from all parts of the world, as well as rare objects of native art in jade-stone and crackle-porcelain, together with a portrait of the son of our host, who is being educated in Edinburg, and who was represented in English costume."

QUANTUM.

AUTHORS OF POPULAR QUOTATIONS.

"Entangling alliances."—*George Washington.*

"Where liberty dwells, there is my country."—*Benjamin Franklin.*

"The post of honor is the private station."—*Thomas Jefferson.*

"Ebony and topaz."—*Voltaire.*

"The Union must and shall be preserved."—*Andrew Jackson.*

"Better to be right than to be President."—*Henry Clay.*

"Union—now and forever—one and inseparable."—*Daniel Webster.*

"Squatter sovereignty."—*Lewis Cass.*

"To the victors belong the spoils."—*Wm. L. Marcy.*

"Mintdrops."—*Thos. H. Benton.*

"The almighty dollar."—*Washington Irving.*

"Face the music."—*J. Fennimore Cooper.*

"The largest liberty."—*Wm. C. Bryant.*

"The bone and sinew of the country."—*William Leggett.*

"Don't give up the ship."—*Captain Lawrence.*

"He's got an axe to grind."—*J. K. Paulding.*

"Valuable water privileges."—*George P. Morris.*

"Telegram."—*National Intelligencer.*

"He's not worth a row of pins."—*Gorham A. Worth.*

"He's as short as a rabbit's tail."—*Jacob Barker.*

"The loco-foco party."—*Charles Davis.*

"The whig party."—*Philip Hone.*

"All's fair in politics."—*M. M. Noah.*

"Happy as a clam at high water."—*William Mitchell.*

"Cotton is king."—*John Randolph.*

"Handy as a pocket in a shirt."—*Southern Paper.*

"Upper-tendom."—*N. P. Willis.*

"Straws show which way the wind blows."—*James Cheatham.*

"The Empire State."—*John C. Calhoun.*

"All's not gold that glitters."—*Portfolio.*

"A good man, but he can't keep a hotel."—*Negro Minstrels.*

"All's fish that comes to his net."—*Old Mirror.*

"Northern fanatics and Southern fire-eaters."—*Tammany Hall.*

"Two of a trade can never agree."—*Perhaps Poor Richard.*

"United we stand, divided we fall."—*Watchword of the American Revolution.*

"Bleeding Kansas."—*Horace Greeley.*

"Border ruffians."—*J. G. Bennett.*

"Fifty-four forty, or fight."—*Western Paper.*

☞ A certain witty man, fond of whist, once heard a child cry when sitting down to his game. "I always love to hear children cry," he remarked. "Why?" asked those about him. "Because," says the witty man, "they are sent to bed then."

NOTES BY AN EX-EDITOR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

LUTHER MARTIN—WILLIAM WIRT—ROGER B. TANEY—PIERPONT, LORD AND NEAL, &C., &C.

At the time I was pupil to Mr. Joseph Lancaster, the founder of the "Lancasterian plan of Education," who had his schoolhouse at the corner of Baltimore (or Market) street and Tripplet's Alley, there was almost daily to be seen an elderly gentleman in broad-brimmed hat, broad-tailed and big-flapped coat, with small-clothes and knee and shoe buckles, with a queue, and always wearing ruffles round his hands, and those hands tremulous with age or infirmity, entering a restaurant or oyster house in the alley, daily, about noon. This venerable gentleman was the famous Luther Martin, the great lawyer and orator. He was very absent in mind, and almost always passed along the street reading a book, newspaper or pamphlet, in the matter of which he seemed entirely absorbed. It is told of him that while thus going along and crossing a street, he chanced to run against a cow, and raising his hat, without raising his eyes, and supposing the party jostled was a lady, he made a profound bow, saying, "I beg your pardon, madam," and continued his course as before. Another anecdote told of him is, that a Quaker gentleman having a cause in court, and having also a high regard for Mr. Martin's talents, called upon him to engage him as counsel, paying him a retaining fee, but knowing his habits of inebriety, and believing that one who could acquit himself, as Mr. Martin always did, with great excellence when inebriated, could do it much better when he was duly sober, exacted from him a promise that when the case came to trial he would not drink anything. To this Mr. Martin regularly agreed, and the Quaker departed satisfied. When, however, the cause came up, Martin found that he could not raise himself to the proper pitch, and not wishing to forswear himself to his *friend* client, but finding some stimulant absolutely necessary, he sent out and obtained a fresh loaf of bread and a bottle of brandy; making a hole in the loaf, he poured in the brandy and ate the crumbs, and thus obtained the required stimulant, and by so "whipping the devil round the stump," he gained his cause without any "breach of promise" to his Quaker client.

I have myself seen him trying a cause when in such a condition that he could not stand upright, but would spread out both hands upon the table to sustain himself, while his body swayed to and fro like a pendulum, and the saliva flowed from his mouth, and with it a clear, pure, pellucid stream of eloquence. On such occasions, I have seen the judge make a motion to the crier of the court, who would immediately go behind the orator, and placing his hands under his arm pits, hold him erect, until his speech was finished—and *such* a speech! it always told on judge, jury and auditory.

About this period, too, William Wirt and Roger B. Taney (pronounced *Tawny*) were in full practice at the Baltimore bar. If one was retained by one party in a cause, the other was almost invariably engaged by the other side, and thus they were almost always pitted against each other. Young as I then was, I could not but notice a striking difference between these distinguished gentlemen. Mr. Wirt would proceed to the Court House, followed by a negro, bearing a bushel basket of books, and these he would spread out on the trial-table, forming, as it were, an entrenchment, behind which he waited the assault of his adversary. Mr. Taney would enter with a single volume under his arm. Mr. Wirt argued from precedent and analogy; Mr. Taney from first principles. After the death of Chief Justice Marshall, the place thus vacated was filled by the appointment by Gen. Jackson of Mr. Taney to the position, which he has ever since held. But yesterday, (Sunday,) I saw the venerable Chief Justice, as I often see him on every day in the week, bowed with age and honors, with his missal in one hand and cane in the other, wending his way to the Catholic church, of which he is a devout member.

A year or two before I went to reside in Baltimore there was a dry goods firm doing business on Calvert street near Lovely Lane; with the partners in the firm I afterwards became acquainted. Its style was "Pierpont, Lord & Neal." They had some dilatory debtors in Charleston, and the senior partner went there to look after them, and took with him letters to my father. He went by sea, and on the voyage composed his poem, "The airs of Palestine," which he recited in public before it was printed. I have not seen it since childhood and can remember but one line, which has always struck me as being beautiful for its rhythm and alliteration—

"The lordly lion leaves his lonely lair."

Mr. Pierpont, on the dismemberment of the firm, studied Divinity, and became eminent as a Unitarian preacher, in which capacity, I believe, he is still engaged in Boston, and celebrated for his grace and eloquence. He became an apostle of Temperance, and wrote several beautiful songs in the cause. One is about the oak, drinking the rain of heaven from his acorn cup:

"And thus the oak gets *high*, my boys, and thus
the oak gets high."

He has also written some beautiful moral or sacred songs. One entitled "Look Aloft," advises us in all our troubles to look there, and embodies the idea of a "Land-lubber" on board ship ordered to the mast head, and ascending there looks down on deck and becomes giddy, and the captain or mate cries out to him "Look aloft, you lubber!"

The second partner in the firm, Mr. Lord, opened a pocket-book manufactory on Fayette Street, which I think he did not continue very long. He is now, or was three or four years ago, a banker, in Wall Street, New York.

The other partner, John Neal, became a student of law, and in due time was admitted to the bar, but he never had much practice. Having taken to Literature, to maintain himself while studying, it became a habit and business with him. He wrote a number of novels, as "Randolph," "76," "Keep Cool, a Novel Written in Hot Weather, by Somebody," and several others. He also published a poem of considerable length, entitled "The Battle of Niagara, by John O'Cataract, Esq." Mr. Paul Allen, author of a "History of the Revolution," and at that time editor of the "Baltimore Chronicle," was engaged to make an Index for "Niles's Register," which had become voluminous without one. Mr. Allen rather shrank from the task, which he found to be a Herculean one, and farmed it out to Neal for a less sum. Neal's energy and perseverance accomplished the work in a much shorter period than was thought it would have required. Hon. John P. Kennedy, author of "Swallow Barn," &c., and Neal and others, put forth a periodical work entitled the "Red Book," which contained some severe strictures on the then fashionable society. It reached but a few numbers. Neal was a very handsome man, dressed with taste and elegance, but was withal rather eccentric. He was a very expert boxer and fencer, and took delight in exercising with the gloves and foils. He went to England, where he sojourned awhile and became acquainted and intimate with Jeremy Bentham, the Utilitarian philosopher, and on his return he wrote and published the Life of Bentham. He afterwards married and settled in Portland, Maine, where he continues to reside, frequently contributing to the literature of the day. He is a man of genius and highly cultivated mind. Thus, the firm of "Pierpont, Lord & Neal," evinced that they had "souls above buttons," and we may challenge the country to produce another firm as extraordinary.

SOULOUQUE AND DUMAS.

The *Express* Paris correspondent writes:—"Soulouque sent an envoy to France, charged with a private mission, and armed with full powers. Shortly after the sable minister's arrival, he caused himself to be presented to Alexander Dumas, senior, whose papa, as every body knows, or ought to know, was a magnificent general, of a molasses color. Dumas, senior, is a shade lighter that was his parent, being of a saddle tint, and Dumas, junior, son of Dumas, senior, pretends to be almost white. So he is—in the dark.

"The Haytien envoy, after diplomatically beating about the bush for a considerable time, finally came to business, and wound up by informing the astonished novelist that his (the envoy's) mission to France was for the purpose of demanding the hand in marriage of Dumas, junior, for her Imperial Highness, the Princess Olive, daughter of the Emperor of all the Haytis.

"'The hand of Alexander!' cried father Dumas, thunder-struck. 'Goodness gracious! Gracious goodness! The colored pusson must be insane! I say you must be—'

"He paused. The fact is, the author of Monte Cristo bears the enviable reputation of never having deliberately said a disagreeable word to anybody. So he simply added, by way of saying something—

"'It's impossible, sir! Utterly impossible!'

"'Why?' demanded the envoy.

"'Why? Because—hum!—because my son's origin is too obscure for him to dream of such an honor!' And papa Dumas thought this a triumphant piece of cunning.

"'Nothing of the sort, sir! And, after all,' continued the envoy, with engaging modesty, 'what are *we*? Only parvenus. I myself once peddled oysters! You wouldn't imagine it, I know; but it's a fact. Besides, sir, if we were to demand a Prince, we should be refused; or, at all events, be fobbed off with an old and ugly one. A *literary* Prince—that's the ticket! He may write as many books and plays down there as he chooses.'

"Papa Dumas, terribly embarrassed, scratched his ear, and at last said,

"'Listen to me. I know Alexander tolerably well. He is continually growling about my ignorance of business; and as for taking a wife upon my recommendation, he would laugh at the bare idea. Suppose we ask Thompson to break the subject to him?'

"The envoy was satisfied with this plan, and Thompson was forthwith desired to repeat the proposition to Dumas, junior. Dumas, junior, swore that Thompson must be crazy, and ordered the servant to go for a doctor.

"'Nonsense!' interposed Thompson, 'I am perfectly sane; it is *you* who are crazy, to refuse such a splendid opportunity. Think of a fortune of several millions!'

"'Bah!' retorted Dumas, junior. 'Too risky! If the old darkey should happen to be dethroned, I would be obliged to support the whole family.'

"'Not at all,' replied the sagacious Thompson. 'You risk nothing whatever. In case of the little accident you mention, you could take the whole concern over to the United States and sell 'em!'"

We think this is pretty good, for a *canard*—which it evidently is.

GOD'S PROTECTION OF YOUNG DEER.—An old Canadian hunter declares that the reason why the wild deer were not killed when young (as they breed once a year, and are always surrounded by other animals which prey upon them as dogs, wolves, bears, panthers, &c.,) is, that "no dog or other animal can smell the track of a doe or fawn, while the latter is too young to take care of itself!" He stated that he had often seen it demonstrated. He had taken his dogs over the ground where he had just before seen them pass, and they would take no notice of the track, and could not be induced to follow when taken to the spot, while they would instantly discover the track of any deer not having young ones. This is but one proof of the adaptation of the natural laws to preserve life when it most needs protection.

WHY should I blush to own I love,
'Tis love that rules the realms above?
Why should I blush to say to all,
That virtue holds my heart in thrall?
Is it a weakness thus to dwell
On passion that I dare not tell?
Such weakness I would ever prove—
'Tis painful, though 'tis sweet to love.
—*Kirke White.*

MR. LOTHARIO'S APOLOGY.

Your coming in last night, my love,
Was something sudden. I was helping Nell
To tie the ribbons of her rigolette;
She put the crimson of her mouth up—well,
I'm flesh and blood, and then you, singing, came
Into the room, and tossed your head for shame.

I saw a sort of maiden northern lights
Shoot up your cheeks and tremble in your eyes;
I like such things. I like to see the wind
Drive frightened clouds across tempestuous skies;
I like the sea, and, when it's easily had,
A very pretty woman, very mad!

I liked the dangerous and regal air
(You bear a Queen's name, and a Queen you are,)
With which you donned your thibet opera-cloak,
And clasped it with a diamond like a star;
'Twas charming in my mistress. But, my life,
It would not be so charming in my wife.

I like wild things, as I have said, but then
I should not like to own them. Who would be
Proprietor of earthquakes or loose hurricanes,
Or comets plunging in celestial sea?
Or wed a maid that could, if she should please,
Give him a touch of one and all of these?

Not I. Don't let a female thunder storm
Brood in your eyes, with every now and then
A flash of angry lightning. You have had
Your March and April, now be June again;
And let your fine-cut eye-brows' silken span
Be bows of promise to your favorite man!

I've had my laugh, and you your pout, and now
(You'll spoil that rose-bud if you twist it so,)
Give me both hands, that I may say "Good Bess,
The good Queen Bess," and kiss you, ere I go—
The good Queen Bess, whose heart and mind and face
Teach me to love *all* women—as a race!

So when I kissed your pretty cousin Nell,
I honored one who taught me to admire
Fair women in their twenties—don't you see?
But, then, dear Bess, as I was standing by her,
Her lips quite close—now this is *entre nous*—
Upon my soul, I made believe 't was you!

—*Knickerbocker.*

THE KNIGHT'S STORY.

The story of me, Charles Infelix Lyndwode, Knight Banneret of the "Bloody Distance," and of my ward, Essilia, is written on this present St. Alban's-eve, being the 17th of June, 1729, when as I am, this day, fifty years and sixteen days old.

Whereas I find that the circumstances under which it was my hap to become a Knight Banneret, surnamed "of the Bloody Distance," have been somewhat misnarrated (as who, indeed, could relate them wholly, but I, the seer and doer?), I hold it fit to detail what follows:—

There was, as all men of war of the time do know, a gallant regiment of volunteers attached to that portion of the British army which in the year of grace, 1703, freed Spanish Guelderland from the dominion of the French, and thence proceeded with all despatch to Germany, there to co-operate with the imperialist forces against the united French and Bavarians under the Count d'Arco. In this body I was captain, and my subaltern was my young schoolmate and friend, Frank Ballatine.

On the day of the fight at Schellenberg, being the 2nd of July, 1704, we marched towards Donawerth, under the orders of the brave General Goor, and crossing the Wernitz, were hotly engaged with the enemy until near the hour of noon. At this time a pause took place, and many experienced soldiers, considering the battle over, began to think of pipe and haversack. But those who could command the distance knew that a frightful storm of war was gathering on our left, to which this pause was but the solemn prelude. Very wary dispositions were made by our chiefs to meet the impending danger, and brief was the space before we lay, armed and vigilant, coiled up, as it were, and ready to launch our strength upon any point of peril.

But ere this was completed there occurred a short but terrible episode of strife. For while the manœuvres were in progress, a portion of our regiment, retiring too slowly upon the main position, were set upon by Polish cavalry, and saved themselves, hardly, under the fire of our guns, at the cost of some ten or twelve of their number, and, woe the while! the battalion ensign, left, with him that had borne it, midway between the hostile fronts.

When our old colonel, gallant Sir Piers Tylden, saw his color lie thus exposed to capture, he was like a man demented. He tore his white locks, and snatching his watch and money from his pouch, offered all, and promotion to boot, to any bold grenadier who would adventure to bring it in. That some were found to essay it, need not be told; but so hot was the fire, that none from either part lived to reach the spot, and when the attempts ceased, twenty-three brave fellows were added to the slain—nine to capture the color, and fourteen to save!

Suddenly there galloped to the front my young schoolmate, Frank Ballatine, his black ringlets flying abroad and mingling with the satin ribbons of his shoulder-knot, and his fine blue eyes (so like his sweet mother's!) dancing with a strange delight. He leaped from his horse.

"At last," he cried. "She calls me! What a brave signal!"

"How now, Frank! What is it, my son? What '*she*?'" quoth stout Sir Piers, growling, and tugging his old moustache.

"Do you want your ensign, colonel?" shouted Frank. "I'll fetch it. Shake hands, Charles. God bless you, old boy."

Some tried to dissuade him, since death was all but certain. And old Tom Deverell, half-laughing, half-crying, swore that since some gentleman of worship must go, we might as well despatch the regiment's baboon, that always marched at our head on field days, imitating the gestures of the colonel, and, with all his frolic and mischief, was not half so boon as merry Frank Ballatine. But the boy was obstinate.

"Come hither, Charles Lyndwode," he muttered to me. "Look yonder—beside the ensign. Dost see nothing?"

There was smoke enough, and dust, and mangled men, and, six score paces distant, dark lines of the enemy, half sheltered by low, earthen breastworks. More I saw not. But I knew he meant not these.

"I thought you were a seer, like myself," said Frank, with a short laugh. "*She* stands there, like a queen—above the color; one white arm—*handless*—raised and beckoning me, the other pointing to the ensign. 'Sdeath, sir! she'll think me a coward! Don't grasp me. Farewell."

And he strode away.

For a moment we almost persuaded ourselves that the enemy would not fire. Dust and smoke had cleared away, and the scene was as distinct as in a theatre. We could see the black and yellow beards of the crouching French.

Now, surely as I, Charles Infelix Lyndwode, write these words, I beheld, as Frank strode on his fearful errand, a shape grow forth out of the air, having the bearing and attitude, yea, and the handless arm, he himself described. Head, bust, and arms were those of a fair woman with long hair—such as your French fantastics call *argent doré*—which sparkles when the sun doth kiss it. A gauzy robe floated round her, but faded, as to the lower folds, into air, so that I saw through it the glittering arms of the foe; and, alas! moreover, the flash of their pieces; for a whole platoon drew trigger at once upon the solitary man. Frank neither stopped nor staggered, but walked straight on, not to the color, as was expected, but to the beckoning presence beside it. Then, as though stricken by the levin-bolt, threw up his arms, and fell dead upon the fallen color. The white dismembered arm was gone, and, as before, nothing was visible but smoke, and dust, and blood—dead Frank, and the crouching foe!

A howl of rage broke from the ranks as Frank fell, and it needed all the exertions of us officers to prevent a general burst from the shelter of our half-cover—a movement which could only have resulted in death and discomfiture. When order was restored, Sir Piers, to cheer our spirits, gave permission for one more volunteer to make the attempt.

Before any could answer, I felt myself step forward; and thereupon ensued what I can better describe than understand.

As I quitted the line I was conscious of nothing so much as the intense, oppressive silence, and a sensation of hot breathing in my face, as from the lip of a volcano. I had but sixty yards to traverse, yet, in that brief space, stepped over the bodies of twelve of my slain comrades—every foot of earth bearing some lethal trace of what had befallen. Well might it thereafter be called the "Bloody Distance."

At my third step a single shot was fired—soon, another—then a whole platoon. I was in an atmosphere of fire. So continuous was the whistle of the shot, it seemed as though some one was swinging a ball round and round my head. The earth was grooved into twenty furrows at my very feet. Still nothing touched me. Truly I was not then a God-fearing man, and little versed in Holy Writ. How was it, then, that some low, sweet voice, distinct above the pealing musketry, spoke perpetually within me that assuring psalm—the soldier-psalm:—"He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust?" Here the din of the musketry increased mightily, but the sweet voice overcame it all: "A thousand shall fall beside thee, and ten thousand at thy right hand, *but it shall not come nigh thee.*"

Henceforth, and ere I had accomplished the distance, all sense of personal danger had departed—I felt invulnerable—more, a strange, pleasurable exultation possessed me, involving all the outward senses in its operation. As though stained glasses had been suddenly placed before my eyes, all surrounding objects became of one uniform color—red. My frame appeared to dilate into gigantic proportions. I felt at least twenty feet high! The sound of the firing seemed to have receded to a vast distance, and was like a grand, low music, on which the ear dwelt with delight. These sensations, and more which it skills not to relate, are as vividly impressed on my memory now, as at the moment of their occurrence. Nor is there anything marvellous in the tale. I had, in truth, but an access of that strange disorder since well enough known—the "*cannon fever.*"

I had now reached the debated spot where poor Frank lay extended beside the blood-soaked color. Stooping down, as though from a vast altitude, my hand came in sharp contact with the ground; but this caused no change in the strange possession. First, as in duty bound, I caught up the precious flag—now a mere handfull of bloody tatters—disposing what remained of the sacred folds round the wounded staff; then raising poor Frank's body on my shoulders (he was a slight fellow, and no burden), walked slowly back to my men.

Strangest of all is the sequel.

Frank, although stone dead, appeared to have received no injury: neither wound nor abrasion of any kind appeared upon his clear white skin. And I, though alike untouched, even to my clothes, and in perfect health of body, remained for nine days thereafter so prostrated in strength as to need the assistance of two men to mount my charger.

For this service was I created Knight Banneret in the field, and surnamed of the "Bloody Distance."

And the handless spectrum? What of her? Poor Frank's own hands disclosed the tragical matter. As his friend and executor, it fell to my charge to examine his papers. These, it must be owned, were neither important nor voluminous, consisting, in the main, of old tavern scores with boon companions in merry England. There were, in addition to the aforesaid, many rolls which had contained tobacco, an unfinished sonnet, and a little journal-book, very much creased, and, withal, ill-penned.—In this was contained the secret of his latter life, and of that secret I will, as briefly as possible, deliver the substance:

At the commencement of the Dutch campaign, General Krogh requested that a British officer, familiar with the language of the country, might be attached to his personal staff.—Now Krogh, though a brave and experienced commander, was, perhaps, as atrocious a monster as the times, prolific in brutality, produced. His temper was as violent as his heart was cold. Impatient of contradiction, it demanded the most delicate circumspection on the part of his coadjutors to preserve that cordial harmony so essential to the success of the campaign. It was consequently enjoined most peremptorily upon any individual upon whom this unenviable duty might devolve, to confine himself strictly within his office—that, namely, of attending the movements of the fierce old General, and forming the channel of official communication between him and his allies.

Poor Frank's genial good nature, combined with other qualities, seemed to have pointed to him as the officer best qualified for this peculiar service, and (with some misgiving, rather implied than expressed in his notes) he accepted the same.

Note, at this period I myself was languishing, with a grievous hurt, at Ostend on the sea, and knew nought further than that Ballatine, after an absence of but a few weeks, threw up his appointment, and returned to his regiment, no otherwise changed than that he was now subject to occasional fits of dreamy meditation, which, however, never failed to yield to the influence of regimental wit—and wine! Nor was any one of his comrades better informed than myself, all that was fully known being that Frank had fulfilled his duty to the satisfaction of our chiefs, and was marked for early promotion at the instance of Krogh himself.

The secret remained locked up in Frank's own bosom, and here, at last, is the key.

It appeared, from the poor boy's notes, that upon a certain reconnoitring expedition, and when at a distance of several leagues from camp, Frank had made a descent upon a lone farm-house, situated upon a small oasis in the midst of a swampy flat, and had there effected the capture of three fat Flemish hens, leaving, in exchange, his too susceptible heart. For in that humble, and, as she doubtless hoped, unnoticed dwelling, there resided, with her brother, a woman of half Spanish blood, of beauty so surpassing that Frank's hair (if we may believe his own words) stood on end with mingled awe and admiration, as though one should open a dingy cupboard, and a radiant angel should step out.

That the parties in question had especial reasons for inhabiting this desolate and all but inaccessible demesne, was easily observable; and strong suspicions were on foot that the invisible brother (for neither on the first occasion nor in any of Frank's subsequent visits to his swampy Eden was this man to be found at home) was no other than a celebrated spy in the service of the enemy, who passed by innumerable names, and, although his person was well known, had hitherto foiled every attempt made to capture him.

In brief, between the lovely eremite and poor Frank there arose a dangerous, a fatal intimacy, how carried on it is absolutely impossible to surmise, since no prolonged absences on his part were discernible. Incalculable must have been the risks run by the headstrong lover in his perilous pursuit, which nevertheless continued for the space of some months previous to the period of which I am now to speak, namely, that of Ballatine's appointment to the Dutchman's staff.

Some short time after Frank had joined, Krogh, upon a certain foggy evening, such as he and his countrymen appeared to hold in especial delight, desired Frank and a favorite aide-de-camp of his own to accompany him, and, followed by a select escort of a dozen well-mounted troopers, rode forth, an hour after sundown, upon a secret errand.

A quick trot of several leagues brought them to the junction of three roads, and here, in a fir coppice, the general established a sort of ambuscade.

Silence succeeded for nearly an hour, interrupted only at intervals by the champing of bits, the impatient shiver of some restless steed, the "ohoo-e, ohoo-e" of an owl, astonished and disgusted at this unceremonious military occupation, and the "koax, koax" of the fat burghers of Marshtown, disporting themselves in the plashy environs.

Suddenly a horse's tread echoed faintly on the stony road. A growl from the leader signified "Silence and preparation." The very owl stopped hooting, as if from interest in the scene. A tall, powerful man, dressed like a peasant, in a yellow blouse, and leading a great black horse, came slowly by, the uneven gait of the latter showing that he had sustained some injury of the foot, or, at the least, the loss of a shoe—no slight misfortune, since the halo of mist that enveloped the halting creature indicated that the journey thus delayed had objects of pressing moment.

"Out! Seize him!" shouted Krogh, dashing his horse through the low brush as he spoke. But with inconceivable promptitude the man was in his saddle and away, the noble horse, invigorated by his late breathing-space, starting off at a pace that, lame as he was, distanced for the moment the enraged general, who, cursing furiously, spurred after, followed by Ballatine and the rest.

As though conscious that his horse's unprotected hoof could not last on the hard road, the hunted man, after a race of a few hundred yards, pulled up with a suddenness that threw more than one of his immediate pursuers beyond him, and, jumping a low dyke and hedge, was lost in the darkness, though the splashing of his steed through the swampy ground could be still distinctly heard. Without a moment's hesitation the general plunged after in pursuit, Frank, the Dutch aide, and such of the escort as could persuade their animals to take the blind leap, still at his heels. The ground was frightful, for though the mud and water were not more than a few inches in depth, the land was intersected by narrow ditches three feet deep, and equally difficult to jump or wade.

"Curses on the villain! He has escaped us," panted the excited general, as he brought up his beast after a terrific stumble. "Halt, and listen!"

Eyes and ears were strained to the utmost, and presently an exclamation from one of the party drew attention to a gleam of red light that had appeared and vanished again almost too quickly for general observation. As far as could be guessed, it was not distant more than the third of a mile. Some pronounced it a marsh light, but the Dutch aide, who was famed for his quick vision, swore it was the entrance of a firelighted dwelling that had suddenly opened, and as quickly closed.

"Right! We have him!" cried the General. "Now, gentlemen, yonder is Quesnel, the despatch-bearer. A thousand guilders for the rascal's head. Ten thousand for the papers he carries, this night, in the left pocket of his yellow blouse. Forward!"

Proceeding with more caution, the general himself presently detected a narrow bridle-path, winding so deviously through the marsh as to cause some doubt whether it led ultimately in the desired direction, or to the point from which they had started. At length it took an abrupt turn, widened, ascended a broad plateau, and conducted them within view of a low house, with outbuildings, dimly perceptible against a background of pines.

Halting the party, Krogh and his sharp-sighted aide leaped from their horses, and were able to ascertain that recent horse-tracks led up to the very door. The latter even averred that he could distinguish the track of a shoeless hoof. If, however, one line of tracks approached the house, another quite as recent departed from it, and, by the deep indentations, evidently at furious speed.

"Escaped, herr general," said the disappointed aide.

"A shallow trick, sir," replied the latter. "He has entered, and let his beast go. Break up the door and pike the vermin."

But, as they approached, the door opened suddenly, and a woman, holding a lamp, looked out. She was on the point of retreating again, when Krogh caught her roughly by her loose dress, and demanded Quesnel.

"*No esta aqui! Nadie esta aqui*—(He is not here. There is no one here)"—she replied.

But though the General understood no Spanish, her confused manner at once confirmed his suspicions.

"Fiends choke your gibberish! Interpret, sir!" he shouted, turning to Ballatine, who truly had scraps enough of language to have reconciled the conflicting tongues of Babel.

Frank, who—as reported after the poor boy's death, by a soldier present—looked strangely agitated, stammeringly, and in a low voice, rendered her words into the General's tongue.

The latter made no reply, but, roughly pushing her before him, strode into the dwelling.

It was rather chateau than farm, and exhibited unmistakable traces of its occupation by persons of the superior class.

"Look you, my little child," said Krogh, using his favorite expression, and speaking in tones of such superhuman gentleness that all, except the unfortunate lady, knew that he had passed into his well-known "white passion," "Quesnel is here, and so is Krogh. If, within three minutes, you present him not bodily, in this room, I will burn the house and your ladyship within it. I invite Monsieur Quesnel to supper," said the General, sitting down. "You will seek him?"

"*No quiero*—(I will not)"—said the woman, quietly.

All eyes turned upon the daring speaker. She was of commanding beauty, an example of that rare but most lovely variety, the Spanish blonde. Krogh regarded her with about as much interest as he would have bestowed upon a Barbary ape. English Frank made an involuntary step forward, as though to assure the beautiful, unprotected woman, of the presence of at least one friend. As he did so she started, but did not speak.

"Shall we search, General?" asked the Dutch officer.

"Search, sir! No. It is time wasted. He's safe enough, unless we get the secret from her lips; and that she knows. Will you swear, woman, that you know not his hiding-place?"

"*No quiero*," was the stern reply, of which Frank dared not attempt a gentler paraphrase.

"Good. But let us be sure. Will you lay your hand upon the table and repeat that?"

The woman did so without hesitation.

Krogh dipped his broad finger into the bowl of his extinct pipe (he had been smoking while in the copse,) and, collecting some of the black ash, drew a sooty bracelet round the delicate wrist.

"In one minute I will have this dainty limb—or Quesnel!"

Ballatine started; but he deemed the savage in jest.

"Strike, Piet," said Krogh to a rough dragoon, who caught her hand and held it to the table. "Not with your sword, fellow," he continued: "that's for battle. Here's your chirurgeon's tool." And he caught up a large bread-knife with a wooden haft that lay near, and thrust it towards the man. Still the victim retained her composed demeanor. "Is he thy husband?" demanded the General.

"*No esta*—(He is not)."

"Thy paramour?"

As Frank hesitated in translating the insolent question, the woman herself spoke:

"*Puede usted asesinarle, pero jamas por mis manos!*"

Ballatine interpreted mechanically, "You may indeed murder him, but not through *me*!"

"Cut, hound!" roared Krogh.

Frank's blood boiled. He stood irresolute, not from want of pity, from no fear of crossing the savage, whom he would have taken by his shaggy beard as soon as shaken a puppy; but the reiterated caution—"Interfere not—leave the man his will—no remonstrance—your duty is allotted—do it," rang in his ears, and warned him to forbear. Added to this, he still believed that Krogh's purpose was solely to practice on the woman's fears; and, finally, the General himself, who had probably noticed the dangerous gleam in his young follower's eye, made a step towards him, saying, sternly, in an under growl, "Be still, sir: stand back; let me *try* her."

Not till the edge of the huge weapon touched the white skin did the unfortunate lady appear to become fully conscious that no empty menace was intended; *then*, with a sudden shriek, and a convulsive struggle, she strove to get free. Too late. The doomed hand remained fixed as in an iron vice, while the other was caught and retained by a second ruffian, in the person of the Dutch aide.

"Cut, fellow!" repeated the General, administring as he spoke a savage blow with his sheathe sword to the half-reluctant soldier.—Wildly the victim threw her magnificent eyes around. They rested on Frank's red dress (his face she could not see, for it was purposely averted), and hope seemed to revive as she recognized the tokens of a British presence on the scene. Then, in language incomprehensible to all but him who was powerless to aid, in accents expressing the wildest extreme of anguish and passionate entreaty, she implored Frank to interpose, and protect her from the threatened outrage.

The unfortunate young man writhed in mental anguish scarcely less than her own, and, in the agitation of the moment, turned his changing features full upon her. She paused suddenly, mute and rigid, as though turned into stone, her marvellous eyes fixed on her lover, and apparently insensible even to the tightened gripe of the man who held her hand.

One second longer Frank hesitated—a second only; but in *that* the tragedy was consummated. With a horrible crunching sound the soldier forced the knife slowly, frightfully through the limb, till it passed into the wood beneath; then they released their victim. She had never removed her burning eyes from Frank, nor did she *then*; but raising the mutilated arm and directing it to him, as though he alone had been the doer, she sank slowly forward upon the table, her bright hair literally "dabbled in blood"—the blood from her own rich veins. A rude hand raised her. She was dead.

At the instant, the sentinel without dashed his musquetoon through the casement, and announced that flames were bursting from more than one window in the building; and ere they had assembled on the outside it became evident that some skillful incendiary had fired it in twenty places at once.

"A shriek! a shriek!" cried some one, as they rushed out; and a low, faint wail sounded from within the burning house.

"'Tis but a cat," sneered the aide.

But, without a word, Frank darted back—and in a few moments reappeared, carrying a white bundle in his arms, which he handed to a dragoon of the escort, who sometimes acted as his orderly.

"Look to it with your life, sir," he muttered, and resumed his place by the General's side, whose attention, with that of his aide, had been attracted to a new and remarkable object.

At the centre window of the mansion, directly above the door, a tall, dark form was visible, in strong relief against the blazing interior, apparently watching the party below, and wholly insensible to the flames which played so closely around him that they must have singed both garments and hair. The figure was that of the spy.

"Put me a ball through him," growled the General; and almost before the last word had escaped his lips, two of the men fired. The figure turned slightly to the side from whence the shots proceeded, as though courting a repetition of the attempt, but made no other movement.

"Donner! Again! No, hold!—we must save the despatches. Try escalade," said the General.

Some rude furniture was hastily dragged forth, and a tolerable platform erected; but before this was complete, a horrible change had taken place above. The fire had caught Quesnel's clothes. Still he neither moved nor spoke. A frightful minute passed, when the figure, suddenly leaning forward, passed, a sheet of flame, headforemost through the window. On examination, a piece of his red silk sash remaining unconsumed about his neck, betrayed his self-destruction. After firing the house, and no doubt destroying the precious despatches, which had cost so dear, he had hung himself to a hook in the window at which he had been discovered.

Such was the result of the General's ambuscade.

The circumstance was widely enough bruited at the time, but the causes which rendered it an event of such dear import to Frank Ballatine, remained concealed in his own breast.

A few days later, however, Frank sent in his formal resignation as aide and interpreter, and without awaiting a reply, returned quietly to his regiment. Strange to say, General Krogh, so far from taking offence at this unceremonious departure, wrote to the English chief, expressing, in the most cordial terms, his high appreciation of the young officer's conduct and zeal.

And the white bundle—what treasure did that contain which Frank's dragoon was charged to defend with his life? Good reason have I to answer that.

On the day we buried my poor friend, I found, on returning to my tent, perched upon my baggage, the most beautiful but most inconvenient of babes. It was busily engaged in sucking a stirrup-leather. The lovely imp never cried, but waved its tiny hand around, as though to assure me that I was still master of my tent, wherein there was abundant room for both.

The thing was right. We made that campaign together.

That babe is now my beautiful ward, Essilia. God bless her!

SINGULAR FACT IN RESPECT TO THE CHAMELEON.—Mr. Buckland, the great Naturalist, says:—

"Betwixt the two sides of the body there seems a lack of sympathy. One eye may be looking straight forward, while the other is looking as directly backward. One may be entirely asleep, while the other is wide awake. And this kind of independent and separate action applies to each side of the creature—*to its limbs. It cannot swim, because its limbs refuse to act in concert.* Could the two sides understand one another, and agree on a prescribed course of action, it might always be awake, or half awake. But it gains nothing by its unilateral independency; the two sides are like two horses that won't work in harness. It seems strange, with such a peculiarity, that on trees, or *terra firma*, the creature should be able to make any progress. But as the two sides are fed by one mouth, and as the insect tribes refuse to come to it, so they seem, in regard to all culinary matters, to agree to sink their differences, and to move in harmony. The stomach is a potent harmonizer."

☞ Quiet purity of heart is a beautiful robe of honor.—*Agnes Franz.*

THE INDEPENDENT FARMER.

BY W. W. FOSDICK.

Let sailors sing the windy deep,
Let soldiers praise their armor,
But in my heart this toast I'll keep,
The Independent Farmer:
When first the rose, in robe of green,
Unfolds its crimson lining,
And 'round his cottage porch is seen
The honeysuckle twining,
When banks of bloom their sweetness yield,
To bees that gather honey,
He drives his team across the field,
Where skies are soft and sunny.

The blackbird clucks behind his plough,
The quail pipes loud and clearly;
Yon orchard hides behind its bough
The home he loves so dearly;
The grey, old barn, whose doors enfold
His ample store in measure,
More rich than heaps of hoarded gold,
A precious blessed treasure;
But yonder in the porch there stands
His wife, the lovely charmer,
The sweetest rose on all his lands:
The Independent Farmer.

To him the spring comes dancing gay,
To him the summer blushes,
The autumn smiles with mellow ray,
His sleep old winter hushes;
He cares not how the world may move,
No doubts or fears confound him:
His little flock are linked in love,
And household angels 'round him;
He trusts in God, and loves his wife,
Nor grief nor ill may harm her.
He's nature's nobleman in life—
The Independent Farmer.

COURTSHIP.

Courtship is the last brilliant scene in the maiden life of woman. It is, to her a garden where no weeds mingle with the flowers, but all is lovely and beautiful to the senses. It is a dish of nightingales served up by moonlight to the mingled music of manly tenderness and gentle whisperings—an eagerness that does not outstep the bounds of delicacy, and a series of flutterings, throbbings, high pulses, burning cheeks, and drooping lashes. But, however, delightful it may be, courtship is, nevertheless, a serious business; it is the first turning point in the life of a woman, crowded with perils and temptations. There is as much danger in the strength of love as in its weakness. The kindled hope requires watching. The rose tints of affection dazzle and bewilder the imagination, and while always bearing in mind that life without love is a barren wilderness, it should not be overlooked that true affection requires solid supports. Discretion tempers fashion, and it is precisely that quality which, oftener than any other, is found to be absent in courtship. Young ladies in love, therefore, require, wise counsellors. They should not trust too much to the impulses of the heart, nor be too easily captivated by a winning exterior. In the selection of a husband, character should be considered more than appearances. Young men inclined to intemperate habits—even but slightly so—rarely make good husbands to the end; they have not sufficient moral stamina to enable them to resist temptation even in its incipient stages, and, being thus deficient in self-respect, they cannot possess that pure, uncontaminated feeling which alone capacitates a man for rightly appreciating the tender and loving nature of a true woman. The irreligious man is like a ship without a rudder, and he never can make a good husband; for a house darkened by cold skepticism or an indifference to religion and its duties is never a home—it is merely a shelter; but there is little warmth in the atmosphere of the rooms, and every object in them looks chill and chilling. The indolent man, likewise, cannot be expected to make a good husband, for he neglects his time and wastes his estate, allowing it to be overrun with thistles and brambles, and subsists on the industry of others. Every precaution, then, is necessary in the selection of a husband.

THE SOLDIER AND THE LION.

Two French soldiers, who had been in the village for some purpose or other, set off one day to proceed to El Arouch, a settlement on the road between Phillippeville and Constantine, to which there is a direct route from Jemappes by a path through the bush. They did not start together, and the one who commenced the journey first was intoxicated. After proceeding some distance, in the course of doing which he lost his sword, he felt fatigue, and stretching himself on the grass, fell into a sound sleep. His companion, who was perfectly sober, following after him a time, picked up his sabre, and at last found the slumberer on the grass. He gave him a kick, and called him to get up, when to his horror there rose up—not the man, but a huge lion, that lay crouched by his side, which he had taken for part of the trunk of a tree covered with grass. The sober soldier instantly ran off, under the impression that his comrade had been destroyed by the animal, after losing his sword in an unsuccessful combat with it; but the lion, instead of pursuing him, resumed his seat by the side of the still sleeping man. After a time the latter awoke, too, and got upon his legs, much astonished at discovering the company he had been keeping. The lion also again arose, but without any sign of ferocity; and when the soldier set off on his route, accompanied him, walking close by his side for several miles, as far as the immediate neighborhood of El Arouch, where, probably because the forest there ceases, he turned about and sought his old haunts again.

☞ When Suwarrow was defeated in Switzerland, some person told the King of Prussia of the bombastic proclamation which that General had issued. "Bah!" said the King, "Suwarrow resembles a drum; he makes no noise until he is beaten."

☞ THE WISDOM OF SORROW.—Sorrow seems sent for our instruction, just as we darken the cages of birds when we would teach them to sing.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

BESSY'S ANGEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Inscribed to Little Kate Peterson, Germantown.

"Come, Bess! the maples' scarlet boughs
Make all the woodlands gay—
The fields are thick with violets—
Oh, Bessy, come and play!

"Your eyes grow bigger every day—
They've got the pining look
The blue-bells had, that used to float
Last summer on the brook.

"Oh! if you're pining, Bessie dear,
For flower, or bird, or breeze,
There's many a robin singing now
Upon the orchard-trees—

"There's two red roses on the bush
We planted out last fall—
The garden's full of hyacinths,
And you may have them all!

"Two striped sparrows have their nest
Among our lilac flowers,
The baby-birds will come in May,
And you may call them yours!

"And Ralph has built a water-wheel
I' the brook below the spring,
When the shining water strikes it *so*
It whirls like—*everything!*

"The dandelions are in bud,
The maple woods are gay,
Don't watch the wandering clouds so, Bess,
But come with me, and play;

"Or sit upon this mossy stone
And tell me, if you will,
Dear Bess, what makes you look so pale,
And always keep so still!"

Then Bessy told her softly why
She wore so grave a look;
And Nanny, while she listened, plashed
Her bare feet in the brook.

"I have an Angel," Bessy said—
"And, Nanny, that is why
I love to watch the lonesome clouds
Go wandering up the sky;

"I love to watch them floating till
They vanish in the blue—
I think there is a silver gate
That all the clouds go through—

"I think the clouds can never pass
Again those shining bars,
But wander on, like drifting ships,
And strand upon the stars;

"I have an Angel—and he dwells
Somewhere beyond the sky—
The sweet clouds go the way *he* went,
But here on earth stay I!

"Oh, how the happy blue-birds sang,
One year ago to-day!
And hand-in-hand we ranged these fields,
I, and my sister May—

"Though I should live an hundred years,
And all the years were spring,
So sweetly as they sang that morn,
No bird could ever sing.

"And oh! the *blue, blue* violets,
We found that happy day!
There ne'er could be such violets more,
Though every month was May!

"We shouted out, we were so glad,
For, Nan, that very morn
Some one came in our room and said—
A little babe is born!

"A little brother! 'Darling Will,'
We named him right away—
And mother smiled to hear us call
Her baby so all day!"

Here Nanny put her arm around
Her playmate's neck, and cried—
"Oh, Darling Bess! I know it now,
The little baby died!"

"Yes! lying in his snowy shroud,
He looked so still and fair,
It made the mothers stoop and kiss
His pretty yellow hair.

"It made each mother cry and clasp
Her own child to her heart,
To see him lie so quiet, with
His faint red lips apart.

"There never was a baby loved
One half so well as this—
He just had learned to pull my hair,
And coax me with a kiss!

"Ah, Nan! just when he learned to know
My step from every other,
The smile upon his mouth was fixed—
My darling little brother!

"And so, they filled his dimpled hands
With rose buds, red and white,
And took him to a lonely grave,
And hid him out of sight;

"Poor sister Maytie held my hand,
And sobbing, said to me—
'The flowers they bury in his grave,
Will keep him company.'

"They say *I* went so cold and white,
It made them shake with fear,
And why—I'm sure I do not know—
I could not shed one tear,

"Until our gentle pastor laid
His hand upon my brow,
And said—'God, bless this mourning child,
She has an Angel now!'

"And though I miss him every day,
And watch, and listen too,
For *what*—I hardly know myself—
The pastor's words were true;

"For, Nan, I cannot think him dead,
And mouldering in the grave,
With that sweet smile upon his lips,
That only *Angels* have!

"I know he's waiting for me, Nan,
Beyond yon cloudy walls—
I keep so still that I may hear
And answer, when he calls—

"And while I watch the lonesome clouds
Go wandering up the sky,
It seems so full of lovely rest,
So beautiful—to die!"

Port Deposit, Maryland, March 10th, '59.

THE UGLY WOMAN.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

JENNY TO MARY.

ORLEANS.

"MY GOOD MARY:—

"It is now a month since you left Orleans, and I have heard nothing from you; you promised me a minute detail of your journey, and I hear nothing—not a word; do you wish to make me uneasy? Although I am gay and frivolous, I love you after my fashion, which is a great deal for me to say. Let you say what you will, I am concerned that you should have such an admirer as Ferdinand, *a blind man*. A woman obliged to play the lover! I should never have any patience with a blind admirer; to have to explain everything to him, and hardly to leave his side would tire me to death. To coquet in vain, to be well dressed and look pretty, and never to be told that one is so, in fact a life without compliments, would weary me in a very little while. I had as lief be entombed as not to please and to hear that I am pleasing.

"As you say, I shall be a flirt as long as waltzing and flirtation last. You see, my dear, we are an ephemeral race; our youth lasts but a day—we must shine while we can—please and charm, and—*if we can*—make all men our admirers. Our power is beauty. We grow old so soon that if we lose our time we lose our charms. Would Ferdinand have loved you had he not been blind? No. You are so homely that he would not have admired you had he ever seen you. Far from it. Let me hear from you whether Ferdinand likes Paris. If it is very gay at present I shall come to visit you there. JENNY."

MARY TO JENNY.

PARIS.

"Do not accuse me of forgetfulness, my good Jenny? I, who am a fright, who have scarcely the beauty of even a plain woman—I who cry every time I look in a mirror, and think of Ferdinand, who is so handsome, do not forget my friends. I feel as if I were telling Ferdinand a falsehood every moment. He does not know how ugly I am, and I know that I am almost a monster. Only women choose me for their friend, and I know too well it is as a foil. Even children say to me 'No! I do not love you—you are too ugly!' Since I can remember, no one who could see, but my poor mother, has ever called me dear.

"God has nevertheless given me a soul, a soul which cannot exist without affection. I exist only in the world of Ferdinand! I love; but when he takes my hand and says: 'How lovely you must be!—would I could behold you!' because my voice charms him, I fear lest the mirrors should speak to him and tell him how much he is mistaken.

"I have a thousand things to tell you about our journey in the company of my mother. Our money matters are arranged. Ferdinand dislikes to be troubled about business. Poor Ferdinand! He does not know that life is not all happy! He does not see, and that afflicts him deeply. How often I have envied him notwithstanding. I have made earth a Paradise to him—and he thinks that earth is Paradise. My hand guides him. He has a beautiful soul—and in that he is enshrined as in a sacred temple—filled with enchantment. We talk of love; we think and exist only in our love. I keep the black reality of life far from him.

"The necessity of explaining everything makes time pass rapidly, and prolongs our enjoyment. He has never known enmity, and thinks all men good. He is happy in his error! Sometimes he sheds tears and says, 'My own Mary, I cannot behold you; I cannot see the light of your lovely eyes; I am jealous that others should be able to behold you; I am wearying you with the care of my blind and useless self, but if sight is restored to me I shall glory in rendering you all the homage which you deserve.'

"When I am walking with Ferdinand I tremble lest some unguarded word should reveal to him how frightful I am. I know that he is generous; I am sure that he would conceal his regret with every semblance of affection, but this is not enough for one who loves as I do.

"During our voyage I described all that passed before us—the sky, the earth, the woods, the houses, the people—the flowers, the mossy verdure—the track of the bird's wings on the water. He would know again the places we passed by should he ever be able to behold them.

"My voice charms him, the sound of my footsteps is dear to him; he is even grateful to me. And, alas! Jenny—I may lose all this! The operation which it is thought will restore his sight is soon to be tried; in a few days he will, perhaps, see! My only hope is to die when this takes place. That was a fatal inheritance which brought us to Paris. Perhaps he will never marry me when he has seen my face. We arrived at Paris, and we are with my mother at a hotel, to remain there until I can use a portion of our money in making a retreat, as fair as my love creates it in my mind for my dear Ferdinand. I wish to make him happy while he is still mine.

"I am unjust, to be jealous of the time when he will see and know what *beauty* is. I so hideous! I jealous!

"In a few days he will see Edwards, a young Englishman, a friend of his who will perform the operation. If I dared but to say, 'Let him remain forever blind! He is the world which God has created for me, his are the only eyes before which I do not dread appearing.'

"It is ordained, however, that he is to see the earth! Ah! he will find it less fair than I have depicted it to him! He will find thorns where I have strewn flowers. Falsehood and hypocrisy will encounter him where he believes in goodness. But above all he will see the beautiful, that of which I have never spoken to him—the beauty of other women! He will behold them rosy and graceful. Worse than all he will see me whom he imagines lovely! I shall appear to him like *the first falsity*. I am lost!

"Jenny, I can read in the future that I shall not live to be old."

I.

Imagine a boudoir hung with satin and lace, a bower for a queen to dwell in. The ornaments are green and gold. All the old authors are collected in the library, precious curiosities are scattered about among vases of costly flowers. Posey and science seem to dwell there together.

On a sofa a young girl reclines indolently. Her form is small, round, and graceful; she is clad in a wrapper of muslin, of lace, the snowy folds of which are confined by a narrow belt beneath her beautiful bosom; her luxuriant black ringlets play over her marble shoulders, her large, blue eyes are shaded by jetty lashes; a small, red mouth displays her pearly teeth; two tiny feet peep from beneath her robes; and two pretty hands hold a volume of poems called "Autumn Leaves." A good deal of discernment was necessary to detect the consummate art of the young girl's toilet. All seemed graceful negligence where, in fact, all was careful art intended to appear like carelessness. She is a finished coquette.

Opposite to this beauty was seated another woman, who might be taken for the mother or aunt of the other, so great a difference was there between them, although their age was in fact the same; but the last mentioned though taller, was thin, her plain dresses displayed many angles; she looked like a broomstick dressed up as a woman; a dry, brown hand supported a huge head, of which the hair, neither black, brown, nor light, was extremely thin; small, red eyes, almost disappeared under a projecting forehead, and thick, pale lips were pushed out by large and irregular teeth; had she been attired as a man, any one would have been tempted to exclaim, "What a monster!"

Tears rolled, from time to time, down her cheeks, and tears, which make a pretty woman irresistible, made her still more frightful. Her whole attitude expressed that profound grief which tortures while it strives for solace, though it is vain to hope for it.

Her eyes were fastened on the clock, as if they wished to stop it by their despairing gaze. Every minute marked by the hand struck on her heart, burning like the red hot iron which brands the criminal forever! Poor young woman! it seemed as if nature had mocked her in giving her a soul full of love and poetry, for in this soul, unknown and hidden like the flower beneath a rugged stone, was all the wealth of the beautiful—diamonds and pearls lay there ignored!

Sighs burst from her bosom as she exclaimed:

"Alas! that heaven would take my life!"

Suddenly some one rang; she rose:

"Jenny, it is he! it is Edwards! he has come to perform the operation!"

Jenny raised her head, saying:

"Ah! I was nearly asleep; what did you wake me for?"

Joseph, the domestic, announced, in a sad voice:

"The doctor, Mr. Edwards, Miss."

His face showed that he partook of the grief of his mistress.

"I knew it by the throbbing of my heart," said Mary.

Edwards entered: he was pale also. He was devoted to Ferdinand as if he had been his brother.

"Courage, my good Mary. You need strength at this moment. I feel an almost divine power—I feel that I am about to give a new life, that of sight!"

"Your lovely face will be serious to-day, in spite of itself," said he, to Jenny.

"Yes," said she; "but I have heard that these operations are short."

"Go in search of our young Milton," said Edwards to Mary; "he came into the parlor with me. I have brought a friend with me who will assist me. I prefer to be alone with him and the patient."

Ferdinand entered at this moment.

"You are here, my friends, more alarmed than I. Be calm; God is good, and loves us; in a few moments I shall see your faces."

"Ferdinand, sit down and be calm," said Mary.

Mary led her betrothed to a seat; he took her hands and kissed them with transport.

"Come, my lovely Mary, sit near me, that you may be the first object I shall behold."

Mary seated herself near him. She was paler than a corpse.

The operation lasted ten minutes; a bandage was put on. The result was a miracle. The bandage was taken off; Edwards asked Ferdinand if he saw the light.

"Yes, yes," exclaimed he, "I see the rays of the sun!"

His heart beat with great violence. Mary, trembling in every limb, leaned against the sofa. Jenny looked on.

Suddenly, supported by Edwards, Ferdinand rose; he flung himself into Jenny's arms with tears in his eyes.

"Oh, it is thee, it is thee!" exclaimed he. "You dazzle me! Oh, Mary, you have deceived me! you did not tell me how beautiful you were!"

"You are mistaken," said Jenny, leading Ferdinand to Mary. "Here is your betrothed."

"She! That!"

Ferdinand shuddered, as if under the influence of some dreadful dream. He drew back as if in terror, and fell on the floor in a swoon.

II.

Ferdinand was carried to his bed; so many emotions had agitated him, and he was in a state of such weakness and delirium at the same time, that the doctor forbade his removal, and Mary's mother permitted him to remain. A high fever seized upon him, no trace of memory remained, the past was obliterated. He seemed like a madman.

Edwards, whose careful watchfulness admitted of no repose, felt towards Ferdinand a motherly jealousy, which arose from feeling as though he had given the world a completer being, a more perfect man.

Mary suffered Jenny to assist alone in the attendance upon Ferdinand. She did not offer to aid her in her cares. She who had been his nurse, his sister, his affianced, now withdrew; she longed only to be able to hide herself, not to appear before him as a spectre of grief.

She had been struck to the heart by a mortal blow; Ferdinand had seen Jenny, and that lovely face pursued him like a revelation of heaven.

Mary, indeed, possessed his soul, but what he thought of that time was her frightful face, and that repelled him.

Mary perceived the constraint which was evident in all his words; he was abstracted, but his reveries were not, as of old, poems which he recited aloud to Mary. He dissembled now, and desired an existence apart from her life.

After a few weeks he could do without his crutch, and Mary, too, was no longer needed. She understood this so well, that she did not dare to ask to accompany him in his walks, and one day when she gave him her arm, as was her custom, a passer-by exclaimed:

"That gentleman has a singular taste!"

Ferdinand began to suffer through his vanity and self-esteem. Although he accused himself of cowardice and weakness, he dared not brave the censure of a world which he had begun to know.

He could not solace himself by saying within his mind:

"This woman, whom the world sees only as ugly, has been devoted to me all her life. She was my guardian angel during my exile from among men. When they would have thrown me down, she supported me. The world will not admire her, for it looks to externals alone. What care I?—she is my idol, my glory, she exists through my love. She is dear to me—I am proud of and love her!"

Ferdinand went out alone, and returned late. He lodged, since his recovery, in the same hotel with Mary, who knew his time for returning and going out, as her apartments were below his own. He passed his time with Jenny.

Jenny was weak. She followed wherever amusement and excitement offered themselves, as the butterfly flies to the fields and flowers; like most women, she was a coquette by instinct; wanting strength of mind, she did not resist temptation, and very dishonorably engaged herself to Ferdinand.

He was handsome, very much in love, why should she not accept him? She did not look for good qualities, for she did not care for them. What was principle to her? She did not consider that she was acting dishonorably towards Mary.

For several weeks she was content to flirt. Like the Andalusian women, who, behind their modest blinds, listen to the songs of their enamoured troubadours, she heard Ferdinand serenading her beneath the windows of her boudoir.

At last she promised to marry her new lover in a few weeks.

Poor Mary was abandoned. She was wounded, but not surprised. She had expected this.

"Happy Jenny," said she to herself, "I will not reproach her; she does not deserve it; I feel it in the justice of my heart. Ferdinand loves her because a young man naturally loves beauty; it is their first illusion. Love then, is not devotion; it is a delirium which comes with a look! He cannot feel this towards me!

"Later in his life, he will comprehend me perhaps, when his eyes have wearied with contemplating the loveliness which is so new to him.

"He will not always love Jenny. He does not comprehend her; his soul is a profound one—he must have a large heart to fill with his plenteous adoration. Jenny loves only herself—and she can live without him or his love, for she is beautiful.

"I longed to meet my other self. It has not pleased Heaven that I should. It cannot be in this world that I shall find love. I should seek it in vain. I hope for it in the next."

Ferdinand and Jenny now passed their time together, carried away by the whirl of fashion.

Ferdinand did not want friends; they poured in on all sides; he had fortune; he sought enjoyment, but in vain did he seek it at last—his good angel had fled from him. He no longer had a moral guide. He became unhappy, for he could not lose the consciousness that he had acted dishonorably towards Mary.

III.

SIX WEEKS LATER.

One lovely morning, at the door of a fashionable residence in Paris, a carriage stopped, from which two persons descended. One was a lady, wrapped in a rich satin cloak, whose head was decorated with pearls and flowers; for she had just come from a bridal reception. The young man was elegantly attired also. They were Ferdinand and Jenny. They entered together the residence of Jenny's parents.

A servant took Ferdinand's cloak, and Jenny's waiting-maid took the satin cloak from her mistress's shoulders.

They entered a parlor ornamented with costly furniture, where everything evinced luxury and wealth.

A large fire burned in the grate. Neither of our two personages uttered a word.

The young man looked pale, sad and thin; his large eyes had a melancholy expression; he sighed frequently. In fact he had just been performing the role of the old lover, while Jenny had been flirting with a new one.

The young girl turned to a table on which lay a letter. This she put in her bosom.

"How long do you intend to inflict your presence upon me?" asked she.

"I do not doubt that you would like to have me retire, in order to give you time to read Mr. Percival's letter."

"What letter?"

"Jenny, I saw the letter. Do not deny it; for of all the arts which women use, falsehood is the only one which you have not used towards me, up to the present time."

"You are insupportable, Ferdinand, you are as cross as any old bear of a husband."

"True, we are not married yet, though you promised me that we should have been by this time."

"I am very fond of liberty; and to speak frankly, I do not think we are suited to each other."

"Alas! I am not suited to any one. Life is not made for me. I have learned this in six weeks, since the fatal day when I received sight. I have lived too long—I am weary. It seems to me that I do not care to live longer."

"That is because you quarrel with everything, my good friend. Life is the same to all—except that what amuses one person makes another cross."

"That is true. I had a duel yesterday—in the design of proving myself a man of honor to those who wished to make me an assassin. I played away, last night, about half of my fortune, to show how rich I was, to those who stood round the gaming-table. I am at this moment jealous of you, young and talented as I am, because a rich old fool has seen fit to send you a love-letter."

"Suppose this letter should be of a nature to lead you into another duel?"

"What would that matter? It would give me a chance of being killed!"

Jenny took the letter from her bosom and handed it to Ferdinand. It was not from a lover, but from Mary, and was as follows:—

"My dear Jenny—I told you eight months ago, that I should die young! I feel that my words are becoming true. I wish to see you; I have a thousand things to say relative to your interests, and to those of Ferdinand. I hear that he is almost ruined. I have insured to him the fortune which I inherited; with this you and he can marry even better than before; do not leave him; and above all, never name me before him. He has forgotten me; so much the better for him. Do not trouble his life with regrets for my death—for he is kind-hearted, and will regret it. Come to see me; come to talk of him, and let me know what he does—whether he is still as high souled as he was. I still love him; but let him be wholly yours, and only Heaven's after death. I shall expect you this evening; come soon, or I shall not be alive. MARY."

Ferdinand, after reading this letter, fell into a dull stupor, which seemed like vacancy; tears ran down his cheeks, yet he did not seem to weep.

"Mary!" exclaimed he, "I believed that you had given me up forever. *She* made me believe so. Mary, my only love—you whose voice plunged my heart into dreams of poetry which I shall never find again! Mary! you whom I weep for in solitude. Ah! Jenny, you suffered me to forget her; you led me away from her, and from honor. I am a monster to have forgotten this angel. I must go. I must see her again—once more!"

Mary's address was on the letter. She had bought the apartments where she had first met Ferdinand, and where his aunt had resided. A quarter of an hour later, Ferdinand had arrived at her door, trembling like the criminal about to appear before his judge.

He rang; a servant opened the door; he recognized old Joseph, whose wrinkled face expressed unutterable grief. Both started as they recognized each other.

"What! is it you, Joseph, here?"

"Yes, sir; I followed my good mistress; I was not afraid of her. What did it matter to me whether she were ugly or handsome! I love her. You will kill her if you go in suddenly; she has been delirious all night; she has never ceased calling on your name. I am going to ask the doctor if he will allow you to see her."

"Oh, do so, I beg of you! Tell him that I will not speak to her; that I will hide myself, so that she shall not see me. I cannot bear to think of her dying without my seeing her."

Joseph soon returned and made a sign to Ferdinand to enter.

What was his surprise in recognizing in the doctor his friend Edwards, whom he had forgotten also.

"She is dying," said Edwards; "come and receive her last farewell. She has talked only of you."

Ferdinand approached the bed; the noise which he made in entering awoke Mary, who was in a stupor, crushed by the delirium which she had been suffering from.

"Oh, my God! it is Ferdinand!"

She hid her face that he might not see it.

"Mary! Mary! look at me, I entreat you!—It is your Ferdinand who has returned."

"No," said she, hiding her face anew; "you will fly from me as you did before. I shall frighten you!"

Ferdinand burst into tears.

"Oh, I have found my heart again!" said he. "You only know how to love purely; since you have left me, I have sought in vain for love."

"And Jenny?"

"I have never loved her as I love you!"

Mary's face changed. She looked earnestly at Ferdinand.

"Dare I believe you?" said she; "can it be true that you love me at last?"

Ferdinand fell upon his knees in anguish.—He raised Mary's hand to his lips, and a pang shot through him as he noticed how attenuated and almost transparent it had become.

By what oaths we know not, Mary was won back again to believe in life and happiness, and to become the wife of Ferdinand. To this old and pure allegiance he now remained faithful—and in that faith found a priceless reward of love, devotion and unwearying tenderness.

Jenny married Mr. Percival the day after Ferdinand's visit to the hotel.

Years afterwards they all met—Jenny, faded, broken, and altered, was hardly to be recognized as the brilliant beauty of old. Mary, in the dignified and chastened demeanor of the revered and cherished wife, had found a sort of beauty which could not fail to win regard and esteem—while it could never dazzle like those charms in which the mind and heart do not always participate.

☞ A subscription paper was recently circulated through the ——— congregation with the following very charitable object in view: "We, the undersigned, do pledge ourselves to pay the amount subscribed for the purpose of paying the organist and a boy to blow the same."

☞ "Every man has his price." Indeed? pray what was the price of Oberlin, Washington, Luther, Hugh Latimer, and a host of others, whose memory the world still treats with reverence? We pity the man who has so mean an opinion of his fellows!

JAPAN ETIQUETTE.

Mr. Cornwallis, in his recently published work, a Journey in Japan, says:—

"There were two tanks or baths in the chamber, made of white marble, and both supplied with warm water. In a recess the buckets for holding cold water were suspended from a copper rail running across it. My host was quickly divested of his garments; I followed his example, and very soon we were dabbling and plunging about in five feet of water. I was in the act of emerging again from the bath, when the fair Senderese—yes, reader, Mrs. Noskotoska made her appearance, and—oh, clouds and sunshine—with her lady friend by her side. There was no mistake about it, they had seen us go into the bath-house. They did not blush or turn back; no, that was not to be expected from Japanese ladies. What was the best thing to be done? The lovely creatures were asking me how I liked the bath. I was almost disposed to be vulgar and say, 'None the better for seeing you,' but its rudeness shocked my delicacy as much as did the presence of my host's wife and her virgin friend, for the teeth of the latter were white as polished ivory. So much the worse for me, I thought. Nevertheless, I mustered that quiet courage so necessary in positions of the kind, and composed myself. Why should I trouble myself about it, thought I, if they did not? They were the intruders, not I. What delightful consolation. Just then Noskotoska stepped out of his bath, and standing on a grating in the middle of the floor, ordered a couple of buckets of cold water to be thrown over him by the attendant. The water, through which a constant current had been maintained, was now allowed to run off,—it was but the work of a moment. Just then the thought struck me that the ladies, who were conversing together in one corner of the room, had come to immerse themselves, and the longer I remained where I was, the longer one of them would have to wait. They would rather see me out of the bath than in it, I began to think, so out I stepped, in a manner as sprightly as even that of Noskotoska. I narrowly escaped having two buckets of cold water dashed over me as I passed the attendant and proceeded to the *drying* ground, a small but open division at the upper extremity of the room. By this time the water from both tanks had been emptied, and they were being filled again with a fresh supply from the pipes leading into them, and, to my additional dismay, the ladies commenced undressing. They were divested of their apparel almost as quickly as was Noskotoska, their entire habiliments descending at a drop, on the sash, et cetera, being unbound."

The ladies shortly afterwards followed Mr. Cornwallis into the library. "There was no blushing on either side." It is interesting to know, after such a sketch, that the author is six feet high.

THE AGE OF SMALL MINDS.

The following extract from a recent work on Liberty, by John Stuart Mill—a celebrated author—is worthy consideration:—

"There is one characteristic of the present direction of public opinion, peculiarly calculated to make it intolerant of any marked demonstration of individuality. The general average of mankind are not only moderate in intellect, but also moderate in inclinations; they have no tastes or wishes strong enough to incline them to do anything unusual, and they consequently do not understand those who have, and class all such with the wild and intemperate whom they are accustomed to look down upon. Now, in addition to this fact, which is general, we have only to suppose that a strong movement has set towards the improvement of morals, and it is evident what we have to expect. In these days such a movement has set in; much has actually been effected in the way of increased regularity of conduct, and discouragement of excesses; and there is a philanthropic spirit abroad, for the exercise of which there is no more inviting field than the moral and prudential improvement of our fellow-creatures.—These tendencies of the times cause the public to be more disposed than at most former periods to prescribe general rules of conduct, and endeavor to make every one conform to the approved standard. And that standard, express or tacit, is to desire nothing strongly. Its ideal of character is to be without any marked character, to maim by compression, like a Chinese lady's foot, every part of human nature which stands out prominently, and tends to make the person markedly dissimilar in outline to commonplace humanity.

"As is usually the case with ideals which exclude one-half of what is desirable, the present standard of approbation produces only an inferior imitation of the other half. Instead of great energies guided only by vigorous reason, and strong feelings strongly controlled by a conscientious will, its result is weak feelings and weak energies, which therefore can be kept in outward conformity to rule, without any strength either of will or of reason.—Already energetic characters on any large scale are becoming merely traditional. There is now scarcely any outlet for energy in this country except business. The energy expended in that may still be regarded as considerable. What little is left from that employment is expended on some hobby; which may be useful, even a philanthropic hobby, but is always some one thing, and generally a thing of small dimensions. The greatness of England is now all collective; individually small, we only appear capable of anything great by our habit of combining; and with this our moral and religious philanthropists are perfectly contented. But it was men of another stamp than this that made England what it has been; and men of another stamp will be needed to prevent its decline."

☞ A PAINTER'S FANCY.—A story is told of the Dutch painter Heimskerk, who died about 1622, that he left by his will a sum of money yearly as a dowry for one young girl of his native village, on condition that, on the day before her marriage, she and her future husband should dance upon his grave! This condition was complied with for several years.

FOREIGN NEWS.

WAR STILL THREATENING—THE REFORM BILL—ITALIAN EXILES, &c.

The Phœnix Club trials at Tralee were terminated on the 15th by the disagreement of the jury. They were locked up for twenty-two hours, when they were discharged, being unable to agree upon a verdict. The counsel for the prisoner who was first placed on trial took two days in the delivery of his address, which occupied, in all, twelve hours.

The London Times has an editorial on the corruption brought to light in the Naval Department of the United States by the Congressional Investigating Committee; and, pointing a moral from the exposure in opposition to the introduction of Democratic institutions, it proclaims that governmental electioneering politics are infinitely more scandalous in the land of Democracy and the ballot than in England.

The Atlantic Telegraph Company was still considering the Government offer of a conditional guarantee towards the laying of a new cable. One of the conditions of this guarantee is the surrender by the company of the fifty years monopoly for landing cables in Newfoundland.

Another company is said to be preparing to carry out the project without Government aid.

The Neapolitan exiles continued to evoke a good deal of sympathy, and liberal subscriptions were being made to the fund formed for their benefit. The bulk of the exiles were about to leave Cork for Bristol. One of their number, who went to Bristol in advance of his companions, met with a perfect ovation. The horses were taken from his carriage, and he was drawn through the streets by the populace, amid great cheering. A subsequent doubt was raised as to whether the individual so honored was really one of the exiles.

A powerful committee, including such men as Lords Palmerston, Shaftesbury, John Russell, Lyndhurst, and others, had been formed for the purpose of raising funds in aid of the Neapolitan exiles.

The Reform measure continued to be actively canvassed in England. Earl Grey, one of the leaders in the Whig party, had written a letter strongly objecting to Lord John Russell's contemplated amendment. Some reports went so far as to say that ministers contemplated a withdrawal of the bill, but it was believed that they would not do more than consent to some important modifications. Another Sunday demonstration had taken place in Hyde Park in opposition to the bill.

The London Herald (Ministerial) says that it has high authority for stating that in case Lord John Russell should succeed in upsetting the ministry and be called upon to form another, he will give Cabinet appointments to Messrs. Bright, Gibson, Ayston, Roebuck, and Horsman: all these gentlemen have offered their services.

A meeting of forty of the Conservative members of Parliament had sent a deputation to Lord Derby, requesting the withdrawal of the Ministerial Reform Bill. His reported reply is interpreted by the Daily News to mean that the moment he admitted his inability to grapple with the reform, he virtually surrendered his position.

Mr. Mongredien, the President of the London Chess Club, who went to Paris to play a match with Morphy, has been terribly beaten. The winner of the first seven games was to be winner of the match. The result is as follows:—

Mr. Morphy won	7 games.
Mr. Mongredien won	0 "
Drawn	1 "

In the House of Commons, the bill for the abolition of Church rates was debated, and passed to a second reading by a vote of 242 against 168.

Among the rumors in circulation was one to the effect that Lord Cowley's mission had attained some important result in the interest of peace. Exactly contrary rumors were also current.

The ominous silence respecting Lord Cowley's mission to Vienna has tended to increase the apprehensions of war.

A rumor was current that the Lyons Railway had received orders to keep in readiness for transporting seventy-five thousand men with despatch.

It is also reported that the squadron which left Toulon would proceed to Algiers, for the purpose of embarking troops.

There is great talk of an army of observation near the Alps.

Leave of absence to officers and soldiers is prohibited.

The *Moniteur* contains a decree appointing sixteen Generals and thirteen Colonels. It also announces a squadron as having left Toulon for the practice of naval manœuvres.

The whole of the Sardinian navvies employed on the Toulon and Marseilles railways have suddenly left for Piedmont.

The Emperor has pardoned or mitigated the sentences of 700 soldiers, previously tried by courts martial.

The Paris correspondent of the London News says that it is certain that Prince Napoleon will shortly be created Viceroy of Algiers.

It is reported that a secret treaty exists between the King of Sardinia and Napoleon.—The latter is said to guarantee defensive and offensive aid against Austria, and security for Sardinia in any Lombardy acquisitions, on condition of Savoy and Nice being ceded to France.

The Emperor of Austria is continuing his armaments most energetically, and an outbreak in Central Italy is almost daily anticipated.

The King of Sardinia has called out his reserved troops, and made war levies. It is also reported that he had applied to France for the aid of 75,000 men.

The attitude of the Austrian and Sardinian troops is extremely menacing.

Siege is being laid to Schamyl's capital in the Caucasus. A stubborn defence is expected.

It is stated that in accordance with the wishes of the Pope, the French troops will prolong their stay at Rome.

An American gentleman who had received disastrous news from home, in a fit of desperation threw himself into a current of lava at Vesuvius. His body was almost instantly consumed.

SPAIN.—The Spanish journals officially announce that full satisfaction has been received from Mexico.

A Madrid telegram, of the 13th of March, says:—"Mr. Preston, the Minister of the United States, was received yesterday by the Queen, in a private audience. In the name of President Buchanan he assured her Majesty of the President's desire to maintain friendly relations with Spain, and expressed his own personal conviction that the general wish of the people of the United States was to preserve the bonds of friendship at present existing between the States and Spain, and to do everything in their power to avoid any misunderstanding between the two countries. The Queen replied in terms flattering to both the United States and its minister."

The *Iberia* recommends that when Mr. Preston shall make the expected proposition for the purchase of Cuba, the Government shall reply by sending him his passports.

THE MARKETS.—LIVERPOOL, March 19.—Cotton—The Brokers' Circular says:—"The less favorable accounts from Calcutta and Bombay, together with the unsettled state of the Continent politically, have caused holders to offer their stocks more freely, and buyers have obtained a concession of about ⅛d. per pound in most qualities of Americans, especially in Boweds."

Breadstuffs are dull though firmer. Provisions dull.

☞ COURT POETRY.—A smart little boy in Albany is author of the following:—

The moon was setting in a cloud,
Full fledged in golden light,
A hatching out the little stars,
The chickens of the night.
But out of all that brilliant brood
Produced by Luna pale,
There was but one poor little chick
That could produce a tail.

☞ DON'T DRINK TO DRIVE AWAY CARE.—No man and no woman is safe who has once formed the fatal habit of looking to drink for solace, or cheerfulness, or comfort. While the world goes well they will likely be temperate, but the habit is built, the railroad to destruction is cut ready for use, the rails are laid down, and the station houses erected; and the train is on the line waiting only for the locomotive. Well, the first great trouble or hopeless grief is the locomotive; it comes to us, it grapples us, and away we go in a moment, down the line we have been years constructing, like a flash of lightning.—*Charles Reade.*

☞ If I were to pray for a taste which would stand by me under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against all its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading.—*Herschel.*

☞ The following is extracted from the valedictory of a Western Editor: "The undersigned retires from the editorial chair with a complete conviction that all is vanity. From the hour that he started his paper to the present time, he has been solicited to lie upon every given subject, and can't remember ever having told a wholesome truth without diminishing his subscription list or making an enemy. Under these circumstances of trial, and having a thorough contempt for himself, he retires—in order to recruit his moral constitution." A great many others could say "ditto."

☞ DISTRESSED FATHER—I'm sure I don't know what to do with my boy Tom. He has acquired such an inveterate habit of lying.

SYMPATHIZING NEIGHBOR—Make a diplomatist of him, sir, and his fortune is made.

☞ Corvisart, a physician of celebrity, during the early portion of this century, was lamenting to the Abbe Sykes the death of Dr. Backer. "It was not, at all events, for want of medical aid he died," said he, "for in the last days of his illness, we—Halle, Portal and myself—did not quit him for a single instant." "Alas!" interrupted the witty Abbe, "what could he do against three of you?"

☞ Socrates, having received a blow upon the head, observed, "That it would be well if people knew when to put on a helmet." On another occasion, being attacked with opprobrious language, he calmly observed—"That man has not been taught to speak respectfully." Many Christians might learn from this heathen.

☞ The pear most talked of now-a-days is the Sickles pair. The *blush*, however, is sadly wanting.

☞ Last summer I picked up a small sand-turtle from the road, and put it upon the house floor. Billy (three year old) was all astonishment at its peregrinations. "Billy," I inquired, "what is it?" A moment sufficed for his reply. "Frog on a sled!" Many an older head might have been longer in fixing upon so apt a similitude.—*Knickerbocker.*

☞ WHOLESOME ADVICE.—If you'd look spruce in your old age, don't pine in your youth.

☞ It is perfectly well understood, or if not, it should be, that almost any husband would leap into the sea or rush into a burning edifice to rescue a perishing wife. But to anticipate the convenience or happiness of a wife in some small matter, the neglect of which would be unobserved, is a more eloquent proof of tenderness. This shows a mindful fondness which wants occasions in which to express itself.—And the smaller the occasion seized, the more intensely affectionate is the attention paid.

☞ A silver cup was presented to a certain gallant officer at a public dinner. Great expectation of eloquent speeches on the part of the guest and the gentlemen selected to present the cup, was excited. The chairman rose, and pushing the cup towards the officer, said—"There is the jug!" The officer took it up, examined it, and replied,—"Is this the mug?"

☞ A celebrated physician said to Lord Eldon's brother, Sir William Scott, rather more flippantly than became the gravity of his profession, "You know, after forty, a man is always either a fool or a physician." The baronet archly replied, in an insinuating voice,—"Perhaps he may be both, doctor."—*Lord Brougham's Statesmen.*

☞ Piron, the poet, was about to enter the drawing room of a man of rank, at the moment his host was ushering in a titled friend. The latter politely drew back to permit Piron to pass. "Go on, your grace," said the master of the house, "he is only a poet." Piron immediately exclaimed, "Now that our respective qualities are known, I claim the privilege of my rank," and entered before them.

☞ LACONIC CORRESPONDENCE.—Everybody has heard of the famous letters that passed between the adverse chiefs of Tir Connell and Tyrone, the most laconic correspondence in history:—

"Pay me my tribute, or if you don't—
"O'DONNELL."
"I owe you no tribute, and if I did—
"O'NEILL."

AN EDITOR'S DEFENCE.—The editor of one of our exchanges, being charged with drunkenness, thus defends himself: "In copying these slanders, our cotemporaries forget that some of the most celebrated men of ancient or modern times have had a weakness for wine. Was not Noah drunk? Was not Mark Antony given to late hours and his cups? Did not Horace drink? Did not Charles Fox drink?—Did not Daniel Webster love a glass of brandy and water before breakfast? Is Kossuth not fond of lager beer? And finally, was not a Senator in Congress reported to have been drunk a short time since? The names of all whom we have mentioned are household words, and looked up to with reverence by high and low; but when we are reported at all elevated, such a hue and cry is raised that one would think the circumstance would bring calamity upon the State."

NEWS ITEMS.

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.—An exceedingly curious book has just appeared at Paris, from the pen of M. Edouard Fournier, the learned and witty feuilletonist of *La Patrie*. It is in two volumes, and is entitled "Old New" (*Vieux-neuf*). The author tries to prove that most of our boasted modern inventions and discoveries were in reality known already to the ancient Greeks and Romans, not to speak of the Egyptians and the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire.

THE RIGHTS OF VISITING SUPPOSED SLAVERS.—The project submitted by the French to the British Government, merely proposes a friendly visitation where there is good cause for suspicion that the vessel is a slaver. To this our Government has no objection, so far as vessels sailing under the American flag are concerned, but will hold the visiting parties responsible for any misconduct or violation of maritime rights.

In Cincinnati, lately, a man named Galt married a dumb woman. Being asked why he did so, he answered that he had had two wives already, and they gave him no rest by reason of their talking ceaselessly, and complaining and scolding from morning till night. Both had died, and now, as he was forty years of age, and desirous of having a little peace for the remainder of his life, he had determined to select a dumb woman for his third connubial partner.

VALUABLE HORSE DEAD.—The Maine Rural says the horse Rising Sun, formerly owned in Gardiner, but recently sold to George Bacon, Esq., of Boston, died on Monday, in Gardiner, of disease of the stomach. He was a 2.30 animal, raised in Maine, and valued at $5,000.

BRAVE GIRL.—Jane Bonesteel recently shot a wild cat, and brought him down from a tree, near her father's house in the town of Martel, up North. The animal then grappled with her dog, when she joined in and pounded the "baste" until he was dead.

ARREST OF A FUGITIVE SLAVE.—A few days ago a fugitive slave belonging to James Kilgour, of Cabell county, Va., was arrested in Ross county, Ohio, whither he had fled two years ago. A mob of two hundred persons soon gathered, but the captors succeeded in taking the fugitive to Cincinnati, where he was placed in jail. Addressing his master he said, "God bless you, massa, I is perfectly willing to go back wid you. I never 'spects to rise to 'stinction in dis country no how."

PICTURES.—At a recent sale in Charleston, Washington Allston's "Spalatro or the Bloody Hand," a picture 2½ feet by 18 inches, of which the subject is from one of Mrs. Radcliffe's novels, brought $3,011.

JOHN McMAHON, who seduced the youngest daughter of Stephen Overby, and then murdered her father in an affray, was sentenced in Knoxville, Tenn., last week, to be hung on the 27th of May next. The prisoner listened unmoved until the sentence of death was pronounced, and then gave way to a flood of tears, and loud wailing of despair.

UNFORTUNATE.—Of the large stock of choice cattle, purchased by Mr. Barret, of Henderson, Kentucky, in England, at a cost of more than $20,000, only one cow was alive on the arrival of the ship at New York. One after another of the valuable animals sickened and died; among them was a bull which cost about $5,000, and a cow for which $2,500 was paid.

UNTRUE.—The story of the sexton of a Baptist church in Norwich, Conn., having bathed in the pool in the church, one Saturday night, and left the dirty soap suds, only discovered when baptism was attempted the following day, is denied authoritatively.

ONE of the late candidates for the United States Senatorship in New Jersey, it is said, remarked, "that the present was the highest priced Legislature he ever had dealings with."

AN Albany boy of eighteen has been sued by an old maid of thirty-three, for leading her from the path of rectitude.

AN Englishman, named Adams, walked seven miles in fifty five minutes, the other day in New York, the match being to accomplish the task in one hour.

WM. A. ALCOTT, Esq., died at Newton, Mass., on Tuesday, at the age of sixty-one years. Mr. Alcott was born in Connecticut, and is well known as the author of "The House I live In," and many other volumes on physiology, hygiene, and practical education. He was a vegetarian.

ON the 5th of January the unclaimed dividends in the Bank of England amounted to five millions of dollars.

A GOOSE, a few days since, attempted to fly over the barn of Robert Pollock, of Perry township, Clarion county, Pa., when the wind drove it upon the lightning rod, which penetrated its neck and killed it instantly.

THE Artesian well of Mr. Lauer, in Reading, Pa., has reached the depth of 500 feet. The rock penetrated is still limestone, mixed with horn blende, carbonate of lime, and a trifle of sulphur.

EXTRAORDINARY REVELATION.—The New Orleans Delta publishes an account of a man who offered another $150 to put another man out of the world; the money to be paid when the individual had received his quietus. Instead of killing the man, however, the pretended assassin told him of the project, and agreed with him that he should lay quiet until the money had been paid over, which he did. A thousand dollars has since been offered as hush money.

IT is estimated that at least four thousand persons in the United States Navy annually are tattooed, with figures costing from seventy-five cents to fifteen dollars, and showing the annual expenditure in the aggregate of $20,000. A single "artist" has been known to pocket over a thousand dollars in a cruise of a frigate in these India ink pictures.

THE Marquis of Stafford is in possession of a new kind of steam-engine for running on the road. It weighs little more than a ton, and is capable of travelling at from fourteen to sixteen miles per hour. It runs upon three wheels, and is guided by a handle in front, similar to a velocipede. It is of two-horse power, and is fitted with a seat in front, capable of holding four passengers, including the driver. It is rather noisy in its progress, and the steam may probably be unpleasant to the passengers, the funnel being close to their backs. The machine is a novel one, and will no doubt be the means of opening a field for further inventions of the kind.—*Wolverhampton (Eng.) Chronicle.*

A GENTLEMAN in Massachusetts offers, through the Treasurer of the Massachusetts Sabbath-School Society, two $10 Bibles, one each to be given to that person, old or young, who, during the year from April 1, 1859, to April 1, 1860, shall commit to memory and faithfully repeat to his or her teacher, superintendent or pastor, the largest portion of the Scriptures. Capital idea that to break down young brains.

THE Indianapolis (Indiana) Journal says that some months since a mock marriage was performed in that city, by a sham magistrate. The woman has since been deserted by the man whom she thought her husband. There were no witnesses present at the ceremony, which she thought was a real marriage, and she has no redress.

THE NEW JERSEY PEACH CROP.—We are informed by an experienced peach-grower, that the prospects for a peach crop in this county for the coming season, is very promising.—The cold of two or three days in January killed a portion of the bloom, but a greater part is in a healthy condition.—*Hunterdon Co. Republican.*

A DESPATCH from Charleston, (S. C.) says the Courier of that city, contains a telegram from Washington, stating that the war in Europe has actually commenced, and that George Sanders had brought a despatch to that effect to the President. Hon. W. Porcher Miles, member of Congress from Charleston, telegraphed back that Lord Napier knew nothing about the report. The Courier fails to be convinced.

THE authorship of the celebrated sermons on "The Harp of a Thousand Strings," and "The Spirits of Just Men made Perfect," is ascribed to the Rev. Mr. Lewis, a Methodist minister stationed at La Grange, Tennessee.

MR. GRATTAN, in his work on America, states the following as a conversation that occurred between John C. Calhoun and himself:

"'Now, let me ask you,' said I, 'what were the feelings of the last slave you liberated?' 'I liberate a slave!' he exclaimed; 'God forbid that I should be *guilty of such a crime!* Ah, you know little of my character if you believe me capable of doing so much wrong to a fellow-creature!'"

OTIS BULLARD, of Lowell, formerly an officer in the Boston Custom-House, has testified, before the Liquor Investigating Committee, that he can make as good whiskey as that which comes from the State agency, for three cents a gallon, and as good port wine for twenty-five cents. The agent was anxious to know how, but the Committee objected to the question, as they thought he already knew quite as much on that branch of the subject as was best.

A MAN arrived at Pittsford, Illinois, a few days since from Elwood, Kansas, his sole errand being to thrash his brother-in-law, who had maltreated his wife. Having finished the business to the satisfaction of all concerned, he returned home.

EIGHT CHILDREN AT A BIRTH.—About two months since the wife of Jacob Abbott, in Golconda, C. W., presented her husband with eight pledges of affection at one birth. These children survived until six weeks old, when two of them sickened and died. The remaining six are still living, and thriving finely. The whole eight were very small specimens of humanity when ushered into the world, as might have been expected. This statement is literally true. It is vouched for by numbers of respectable witnesses, who saw the children.—*Boston Herald.*

DISGUSTING SPECTACLE.—The Memphis Avalanche is informed that a regular prize fight came off between two women of that city, a short distance below the corporation limits, on Sunday afternoon last. The spectacle was witnessed by a crowd of the lords of creation, and the principals entered into the fight with the spirit of Amazons. The sensation papers of the East unfortunately had no reporters present to report the affair at length, illustrated with engravings.

ANOTHER MISSING LADY.—Miss Anna Baird, a young lady aged 25, left the home of her parents, No. 48 West Sixteenth street, N. Y., on Wednesday afternoon, and not returning, her relatives fear that she has been decoyed away by some designing scamp. Miss Baird was tall of her age, genteel form, dark complexion, black eyes, and very pretty. She wore a black crape bonnet, dark striped dress, and black delaine shawl.

PROF. NICHOL has written a letter denying that George Combe was the author of the "Vestiges of Creation."

GOLD EATEN BY TURKEYS IN ARKANSAS.—We find the following in a letter from a correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, who writes from Wesley, Arkansas:

About two weeks ago the wife of Mr. Calvin Evans, living in Madison county, Ark., killed a tame turkey of the yellow stock, and on dressing the gizzard found a lump of yellow gravel which attracted her attention. On examining it, she could not determine what it was, therefore she concluded to keep it and show it to her husband. She did so, and it proved as much a curiosity to him as it had to her. They preserved it and showed it to their neighbors, who generally give their notion of it as being gold, or something of a metallic nature.

Mr. Evans therefore determined to carry it to Fayetteville, and have it tested, which he did, and the lump proved to worth thirty per cent. pure gold. It was about two-thirds pure metal. The general opinion is that their is gold in Arkansas, especially since they find out that the turkeys are eating it. It has been the belief of everybody that Arkansas contains mineral wealth. The above account is one that can be relied on, for Mr. Evans is a man of strict truth, and he is a "preacher" of the Hard Shell Baptist denomination.

J. S. DRAKE.

It is said that, since the discovery, Madison county is in a high state of excitement, and that all of Mr. Evan's neighbors are killing their turkeys, and prospecting for gold in their gizzards.

AN ELOPEMENT CASE.—The Rochester (Ind.) Gazette states that, about five years ago, a man calling himself Alonzo Morgan, accompanied by a woman who passed as his wife, moved to that place, where they purchased a farm, and lived apparently in a respectable manner, until about a year ago, when Mr. Morgan died. The widow said that he had no heirs but herself, and accordingly administered the property. About three months since she took a second husband, and everything was apparently going on well, when there arrived in town two persons in search of a Mr. Alonzo Green, who had disappeared from the State of New York in 1854, and had not since been heard of. One of the strangers claimed to be Green's son, and stated that his father had in the above year, eloped with a niece of his wife, a Miss Emma Lanfrheir. The newly-married widow Morgan was at once identified as the erring Miss L., and the identity of Alonzo Morgan and Alonzo Green satisfactorily established. The guilty woman was willing to make any settlement, and surrender notes and other property to the rightful claimant. Out of $3,000 taken by Green from New York, his family will recover about $1,200.

STORY OF BURR.—The Jersey City Courier is indebted to an intelligent correspondent for an interesting reminiscence of Aaron Burr. The authority is the late Col. Hagerman, who received the statement from the lips of the late Peter Jay Monroe, a distinguished lawyer, who studied his profession with Col. Burr. Soon after the duel which terminated in the death of Gen. Hamilton, while Mr. Monroe was seated, on a dark, stormy night, in his library, he was informed by a servant that a man in disguise earnestly desired to see him. Upon being shown in and the disguise removed, Col. Burr stood before him, saying that his life was in danger; that he had with difficulty eluded his pursuers; that he must make his escape secretly; and that he was entirely destitute of funds. Mr. Monroe, from whom Col. Burr had not received the usual student's fee of $250, allowing compound interest on that amount from the time he entered the office till 1814, drew his check for between sixteen and seventeen hundred dollars, with which the fugitive made his escape.

TAKING AN OATH WITH A GLOVED HAND.—A good deal has been said lately in England, upon the decision of Mr. Baron Bramwell, at the last Liverpool Assizes, touching the form of taking an oath. The learned Baron ruled that there was no law or obligation to take off the glove when an oath was taken, and he accordingly received an oath from a person who held the Bible in a gloved hand. In the Insolvent Debtors' Court, on the 2nd ult., a similar matter turned up; and Mr. Commissioner Murphy, who presided, said he was aware of the decision of Mr. Baron Bramwell, but he thought it better to adhere to the old custom, as the touch of the Holy Book was, in his opinion, to be by the naked hand, and they all knew that when the knights were sworn they always took off their gauntlets. The opinion of the Commissioner was acquiesced in by the bar, as respectful and impressive, and on these grounds desirable, even though a legal authority to perform the act with an ungloved hand could not be shown.—*Boston Courier.*

THE KEY FAMILY.—The Keys are a family unfortunate in their personal differences. I have referred to the case of an elder brother of Mr. Key who was killed in a duel about twenty years ago. It has been erroneously stated in a Washington print that the quarrel was about a woman. It was a boyish caprice, and yet the cause and course of it were characteristic on both sides. Sherburne and Key were young midshipmen together. They sailed in the same ship on one of the long and useless cruises prescribed for the exercise of our navy. Mr. Sherburne was from New Hampshire, quiet and unobtrusive. Mr. Key was a Marylander, connected with the most aristocratic families of that State and Virginia. He took a dislike to Mr. Sherburne and pursued him with ceaseless insults on board ship. A party of young midshipmen attended an evening party given by a Congressional mess at a fashionable boarding-house here in Washington. The middies took their wine together, but Key was observed to leave his wine untasted. He was called on for an explanation, and gave it bluntly by saying that Sherburne was a coward for not resenting the indignities he had before inflicted on him, and he could not drink with him. The poor young man was at length aroused. He looked steadily at Mr. Key, also setting down his glass, and said: "I understand you. You have made a mistake. You ought to have known me better. I will correct your mistake." He then bowed to his companions, excepting Mr. Key, drank to them, and retired. The next morning, Sherburne sent a message which produced a meeting at Bladensburg. Key was shot through the kidneys, and lingered two days in intolerable anguish.

The late Mr. Key's marriage was also attended and preceded by evidences of the same strong and erratic temperament. Col. Charles May, of Palo Alto celebrity, had courted the beautiful Miss Swan, of Baltimore, and been accepted by her. He introduced Key to her as his intended bride. The two fell in love at first sight, and the gallant captain of dragoons was left to mourn the inconstancy of the female heart. He of course challenged Key. The affair produced an awful tumult in Washington. Key and May were pursued by the police. They barricaded themselves in separate apartments, and defied the civil power; but of course the deed was prevented. The captain went to the wars, where he achieved fame on the field, and Key, having married the beauty, was appointed through family influence to the office which he held at his death. This lady, one of the loveliest I ever saw, died two or three years ago; and it is thought by some, that Key, from the oddity of his dress and the singularity of his behavior, afterwards became partially deranged by the bereavement. But this was an unfounded conjecture. His friends had known him always to possess an unbalanced and extravagant mind, in which violent anger and passionate tenderness alternated.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A MAN COMING TO LIFE AT HIS OWN FUNERAL.—In Orange, New Jersey, week before last, a man, named John Koch, while engaged in painting on the third story of a house, fell to the ground, and was taken up for dead.—He was conveyed to his residence, laid out, and his afflicted relatives and friends, in due time proceeded to make the usual arrangements for the funeral, which was appointed for Sunday. Shortly before the hour appointed on that day, the body exhibited signs of returning animation, and in a few moments afterward, to the astonishment of all, the young man in the coffin, who was, of course, believed to be dead, was able to converse with his friends. It is a singular case, and the man's escape from being buried alive was truly miraculous. The physicians, however, pronounce his present condition as extremely critical, and it is doubted whether he may survive the injuries sustained by the fall.

REPORTED INDIAN BATTLE IN NEBRASKA.—The Milwaukie Sentinel publishes, with some misgiving, a letter giving an account of a battle between the Sioux and Pawnees, in Nebraska, on the 25th of December. The Sioux numbered 600, and were led by an Englishman named George Williams, formerly an officer in the British army. The Pawnees numbered 300, and were led by their own chiefs. The battle lasted four days and five nights, and resulted in the death of about 200 Sioux, and about 140 wounded. The Pawnees' loss was trifling.—The fight is said to have been caused by the daughter of the Chief of the Sioux not remaining true to her word. She promised to marry the Chief of the Pawnees, but took another notion, and married the Englishman. The whole story looks apocryphal.

CENTRAL AMERICA.—The letter writers from Washington represent that things are all going wrong again for this country in Central America, that "perfidious Albion" has deceived the administration, and that England and France are about to gobble up all that portion of the world, and leave not a morsel for the American eagle. On the other hand, the *Union*, in a semi-official article, says that the American Government has "full faith in the loyalty of the British Government, that the Mosquito Protectorate and the Bay Islands will, no doubt, be surrendered to Nicaragua and Honduras respectively; and if Sir Gore Ouseley has exceeded his instructions in any particular, he will, no doubt, be called to a rigid account."

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.
U S 6 pr ct, 1868	108	
" " '62	108	
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	109	—
" 5 " coupon '74	101½	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	98½	98¾
" " new	103	103½
" 5 "	84	—
Pitts 6 pr ct	75	—
" 6 coupon	—	55
Al'gy City 6 pr ct	—	—
" County "	—	—
" R R issue	50	51½
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 " coupon	94½	—
" 5 "	93	—
Tenn 6 pr ct	91	92
" 5 " coupon	80	81
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri 6 "	89½	—
Ohio 6 " 1886	106½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	98¾
Virginia 6 "	97½	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	92	—
Ca. State 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	92
N Y City 1872-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA		
North America	139	—
Philadelphia	120	—
Far & Mec	59½	—
Commercial	51½	—
N Liberty	61	—
Mechanics	28½	28¾
Southwark	69	—
P Township	35	35½
Kensington	66	—
Girard	12½	12¾
Western	—	70
Man & Mech	27½	27¾
Commerce	65	—
Tradesman's	65	—
City	46	47½
Consolidation	25	—
Commonwealth	22½	22¾
Corn Exchange	—	24½
Germantown	59	60
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g	50	—
Exchange "	56½	—
Kentucky Ky.	117	—
Northern "	126	—
Louisville "	110	115
Farmers "	125	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	—	90
Planters "	—	103½
N O Gas Light	145	—
Com & R R Bank Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	—	27½
Lehigh Zinc	¾	1
New Creek	½	—
New Grenada	¾	1
N America Ins'nce	14½	—
N Liberties Gas	—	31
Southwark & Frankford R R	61	—
Bonds	90½	—

RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.
Pennsylvania R R 1st mort bonds	101	101½
2nd " "	93½	—
stock Interest off	43½	44
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds 1864	—	95
stock	—	117
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	82	82½
mort'g's '44	—	—
" " '86	75	75½
stock	25½	25¾
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	—	90
stock	42½	—
Phila, Wil & Balt stock	36½	—
6 pr ct loan '60	3½	—
Ches Val R R 7s	41	43
Tioga R R 7s	80	—
Will'ms & Elmira 7's 1st mort	71½	—
2d "	—	52½
stock	9½	9¾
Catawissa	6	6½
Beaver Meadow stock	57½	57¾
preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penna R R stock	9	9½
6 pr ct loan	64½	64¾
Phi Ger & Nor R R stock	51	—
6 pr ct loan	90	—
Minehill R R	58½	—
Har and Lan R R stock	50½	50¾
bonds '83	94	96
L. Schuylkil R R stock	21	23
Long Island R R stock	10½	11½
bonds	—	63
Erie R R stock	10	—
Hudson River R R	31½	—
N Y Central "	76½	—
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois "	67½	—
Michigan Southern	12½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'l Nav 6 pr ct loan '82	72½	73
imp. 6 pr ct	78½	—
stock	9½	—
preferred	18	18½
Lehigh Nav stock	49	52½
mort 6 pr ct	90	90½
scrip	—	28½
Morris Canal Consol'd	48½	50
preferred	105	106
Ches & Del	41½	46½
bonds	77½	—
Union	—	3
bonds	34½	—
Sus & Tidewater	3	3½
bonds 1878	34½	—

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The Flour market has been very dull during the past week, but supplies have come forward very slowly. There has been very little inquiry either for export or home consumption, and the market closed quiet at the decline noted in our last report. Sales of 7000 bbls at $6,25@6,37½ for superfine; $6,37½@6,75 for extra, and $6,75@7,25 ℔ bbl for extra family. The sales to the retailers and bakers range within these figures, and fancy lots at $7,50@7,75 ℔ bbl. Rye Flour has been in steady demand, and 400 bbls sold at $4,25@4,37½ ℔ bbl. Corn Meal is scarce and much wanted; 2000 bbls Penna sold at $3,87½, including 500 bbls, to arrive, at this figure, and 500 bbls on private terms.

GRAIN—Supplies of Wheat from all quarters continue extremely light, but there has been very little demand—the millers manifesting no disposition to operate in the present unsatisfactory condition of the Flour market. Sales of 10,000 bbls in lots ranging from $1,54 to 1,60 ℔ bus for fair and prime Penna and Western red; $1,60 for inferior to $1,80 for prime white. Rye is dull, and has declined. Sales of 5000 bus Penna, chiefly at 98c early in the week, and 90c, part afloat and part in store. Oats remain without change. Sales of 3000 bus at 54@55c for Penna, and 54c for Delaware, afloat. 4000 bus Barley Malt sold at $1, on time. Barley is dull. 3000 bus Southern Shorts sold at $1,35 ℔ 100 lbs.

PROVISIONS—There has been but little doing since our last notice, but the receipts and stocks of all kinds have been light. Sales of City packed Mess Pork at $18,50@18,75, on time, and Prime at $13@13,25. City packed Mess Beef is selling in lots for ship's stores at former quotations. Bacon—Supplies continue to come forward very slowly, and the stock on hand is materially reduced. The demand, however, has been limited. Sales in lots at 11@12½c for plain and fancy canvassed Hams; 10½@10¾c for Sides, and 8@8½c ℔ lb, 60 days, for Shoulders. Green Salted Meats—Prices are steady, but the limited stock on hand has had a tendency to restrict operations. Sales of Hams in pickle at 10½@10¾c, Sides at 9½c, and Shoulders at 7½@7¾c, cash and on time. Lard has been in limited request, but holders are firm at last week's quotations. Sales of bbls and tcs at 12½c, and kegs at 13½c ℔ lb, cash and short time. Mixed pkgs of country range from 11½ to 12c, cash. Butter—Solid packed continues extremely dull. Sales of 30,000 lbs at 10@11c ℔ lb. For Roll there is a moderate inquiry, within the range of 16@22, as in quality. Cheese is held firmly. Sales of New York at 11½@12c, and Ohio at 10½@11c.

COTTON—The market continues quite firm at the recent advance, but the demand has been only moderate. At the close there was less firmness in prices. Sales of 1200 bales at 12¾@13½c ℔ lb, cash, for Uplands, and 13@14½c for Gulf, including some samples at 12@12½c.

BARK—There has been a good demand at the late advance, but the stocks in first hands are exhausted. Sales of 120 hhds No 1 Quercitron at $35 ℔ ton, including one lot on private terms. Tanners' Bark is unchanged.

COAL—Dullness continues to be the most prominent feature of the market, and prices have ruled somewhat irregularly. The cargo rates are $3,15@3,25 for Red Ash, free on board at Richmond, and $3,37½@3,45 for White Ash. No sales of Bituminous Coal.

COFFEE—There has been a good demand, but the absence of receipts has restricted transactions. Sales of 400 bags Rio at 11½@11¾c; 3700 bags Laguayra, part to go out of the market, at 11½@12c; some St. Domingo at 10½c, and Java at 15c ℔ lb, 4 mos.

FEATHERS—There are very few offering, and good Western command 47@48c ℔ lb, cash.

FRUIT—Dried Apples range from 9 to 9½c, and Peaches from 9 to 13c for unpared quarters and halves.

HEMP is unchanged, and there is very little doing.

HIDES are in demand at previous rates, but there are more here in first hands.

HOPS are steady, with limited sales of new Eastern and Western at 14@18c ℔ lb.

IRON—The demand for Pig Metal is limited, but prices are steady. Sales of 1200 tons Anthracite, in lots, at $24, $23, and $22 ℔ ton, 6 mos, for the three numbers. No 1 Charcoal Iron commands $34, and Scotch Pig $28, 6 mos. The last sale of Charcoal Blooms was at $67,50 ℔ ton, 6 mos. A sale of old Railroad Bars at $35, 6 mos. Prices of Bar and Boiler Iron continue as last quoted.

LEAD is in demand, but there is little or no stock here to operate in. The last sale of Galena was at 6¼c ℔ lb, cash. 128 Pigs Virginia sold at 6c, cash.

LEATHER continues in demand, but the market is comparatively bare.

LUMBER—The receipts by water are increasing, but the stocks are small for the season. The demand is good, and prices firm for all descriptions. A cargo of Delaware Yellow Pine Sap Boards sold at $17 ℔ M feet, which is an advance. Susquehanna White Pine Boards are worth $16@17; Hemlock $9@9,50; and Shipping Boards $15,50. Shooks and Headings range from $1,75 to $1,90.

MOLASSES—The receipts of Cuba have increased, but of New Orleans they have been small. The market, however, is quite dull, and the only sales reported are 300 hhds Cuba at 27@29c for Muscovado, and 23@24c for Clayed.—100 bbls New Orleans sold at 39c, 4 mos.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is quite dull, and ranges from $5 to $5,50 ℔ 64 lbs, for common to prime quality, and $5,75 to $6 for re-cleaned, with sales of 900 bus at these figures. Timothy is worth $2,25@2,37½, and Flaxseed $1,75 ℔ bus. Hemp Seed is very scarce. Red Top is worth $2,50.

SUGAR—There has been on the part of the refiners, as well as the trade, a disposition to purchase more freely, and at the close the market was quite firm. Sales of 3000 hhds Porto Rico and Cuba at $6¾@7, and New Orleans at $7¼@7¾, on time.

SPIRITS—Foreign Brandy and Gin are selling steady at former rates. No change in Domestic Liquors. Whiskey is in fair demand. Sales of 1000 bbls at 29c for Ohio; 28c for Penna; 27@27½c for hhds, and 26c for Drudge.

TALLOW is steady. Sales of City Rendered at 10½@10¾c ℔ lb, cash.

WOOL—There has been a perfect lull in the market, and manufacturers for the present having withdrawn, but little activity can be anticipated until the new "clip" commences to come forward. Sales of 60,000 lbs from 35 to 60c ℔ lb, cash.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, April 2, 1859.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Solv bks	par to 4-10 dis
Relief notes	4-10 dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis
DELAWARE.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore	¼ dis
Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis
NEW YORK.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis
MAINE.	
Solv bks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
Solv bks	½ dis
VERMONT.	
Solv bks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT.	
Solv bks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
Solv bks	½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.	
Solv bks	½ dis
VIRGINIA.	
Solv bks	½ to ¾ dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	
Solv bks	½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
Solv bks	¾ to 1 dis
GEORGIA.	
Solvent banks	½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Solv bks	½ dis
ALABAMA.	
Solv bks	1 to 3 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All bks	uncertain
LOUISIANA.	
Solv bks	¾ dis
OHIO.	
Solv bks	¾ dis
KENTUCKY.	
Solv bks	¾ dis
INDIANA.	
State bank	¾ dis
ILLINOIS.	
Solv bks	1½ dis
MISSOURI.	
Solv bks	¾ dis
TENNESSEE.	
Old banks	2 dis
MICHIGAN.	
Solv bks	1½ dis
WISCONSIN.	
Solv bks	1½ dis
TEXAS.	
Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	10 dis
CANADA.	
Solv bks	1 dis

☞ Politeness is nothing more than an elegant and concealed species of flattery, tending to put the person to whom it was addressed in good humor and respect with himself.